

UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH



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PART I.

PRICE 1s

RELIQUES

OF

IRISH JACOBITE POETRY;

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF THE AUTHORS,

INTERLINEAR LITERAL TRANSLATIONS,

AND HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES,

BY JOHN DALY;

TOGETHER WITH

METRICAL VERSIONS BY EDWARD WALSH.

AN TEANZAÓ ZAÓIDEJZE.

"Ar iread ba blarda, ba cnearda, ba fíon-líomra,
ba oile, ba aite, ba tapad a m-buig bhí-žuib;
Ba fhaigte, ba fharglaine nacairnead zaóir-laoighe,
Ní h-ionadh 'r glarairneac mallaghe ar b-fíon-ghaimde."
Dónéad Cáoic na Mátghanna.

THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

Unlike the jargon of our Saxon foe,
On raptur'd ear it pours its copious flow,
Most feeling, mild, polite, and polish'd tongue,
That learned sage e'er spoke, or poet sung!
Denis Mahony the Blind.

DUBLIN:

SAMUEL J. MACHEN, 28, WESTMORELAND-STREET,
AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1844.

London

J. R. Smith

4. Old Compton St. London

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Gentlemen who may have in their possession, or could easily procure copies of songs, elegies, or metrical compositions of any kind, which they may wish to see in print, will confer a signal favour on the Editor, and aid in an important national labour by communicating them. The name of every such contributor will be publicly acknowledged, and he shall be entitled to a copy of the number in which the communication appears. Those who may not have an opportunity of sending direct to the Editor, may forward their communications to the Publisher.

** * Editors of Papers, who may notice these Songs, are requested to send copies of the Paper direct to the Editor.*

IRISH SONGS.

“ Dear Harp of my Country ! in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o’er thee long ;
When proudly, my own Island Harp ! I unbound thee
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and Song ! ”

Moore.

À áaoih-éruir mo dúlécé ! a h-dúb-éearb do fuair tu,
À h-dub-éeargal buaircír gan fuarzáile le réal ;
Ác, go móbriac mo éluir-éiric, ríaoilféad le fuairéear
Do éada cum gluarde, gan buairéad, gan éal.

“ Give me the Songs of my Country, and I will give you the hearts of
her People.”

TO THE PUBLIC.

In undertaking such a work as I am now about laying before my countrymen, I do not feel influenced by any other motive, than that of a sincere desire of preserving our old and *soul-stirring* Songs from decay and destruction ; and though it must be admitted that very many of them are now extinct, yet, by your patronage, I trust I shall be able to publish many of the beautiful Songs of Ireland in their native language and original purity, and leave them on record to posterity.

Centuries of oppression and *direful* persecution have now rolled away, and the “ cold chain of silence ” which hung over us during these years of Saxon *misrule* and *unrelenting tyranny* is now for ever broken. During this period of *treachery* and *tumult*, at the hand of the “ *Saxon*,” the “ *Foe*,” and the “ *Stranger*,” Ireland’s brave and patriotic Sons severely felt the gall and bitterness of malicious rancour—the *pitch-cap* and the *triangle*—their Clergy doomed to take refuge on the hills and in the valleys, where they patiently endured all the privations they had to undergo, without any other comfort than what the consolation of religion afforded—their bards ever ready to expose the cruel deeds of the “ *Invader*,” were *hunted like wolves*, till their race became almost extinct, and now, very few remain to tell the sad tale, or lament over the wails of his country.

At a moment like the present, every exertion should be made to restore, if possible, the sweet and pathetic Songs of Ireland—the Songs written by her bards at the period of her bitterest woes, too long neglected—too long forgotten, and give them to the people and the land they belong to.

Ireland indeed stands indebted to Mr. Hardiman for rescuing very many of her Songs from oblivion; but, Mr. Hardiman's collection was published in such a manner, as to put it entirely out of the reach of the parties for whom such a work should be intended, I mean, the *Irish peasantry*.

In bringing out my little work the plan which I intend pursuing will be this:—The work will be printed in numbers, of eight octavo pages, good paper, and beautiful clear type, at the small price of one penny. The first number will be an introduction to the language, comprising a series of short and simple rules, by which any man of common understanding after one or two careful perusals, will be able to read any Irish book with ease. Each succeeding number will contain, at least, two Irish Songs, with short notes and *literal* translations; also, biographical notices of the writers, when practicable. With the last number will be given a title, index, and a general preface to the work, so as to enable purchasers to bind up their volumes at the close of its publication. The price charged will hardly realise the expense incurred by such an undertaking, but Ireland's Sons must feel proud of such an opportunity as the present affords, for possessing themselves of the songs of their country.—On the whole, it shall be conducted in such a manner as to render it in every way pleasing and satisfactory to the public, to whom I shall at all times feel thankful for any suggestions they may give, or alterations they may deem advisable; because in carrying on such a work, I do not consider myself any more than the servant of the parties for whom it is intended.

Persons having manuscript Songs or Poems in their possession, which they would wish to see in print, will be pleased to have them duly forwarded. Such contributions shall be thankfully received and acknowledged by me, and the names of the contributors shall be mentioned in the number, in which the article appears. An Elegy on the death of the Rev. Nicholas Sheehy, who was executed in Clonmel, on the 15th of March, 1766, with *historical notes* and *translation*, is in preparation, and shall appear in due course, with such other favours as the public may think fit to place at my disposal.

JOHN DALY.

Kilkenny, Nov., 1843.

INTRODUCTION TO THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

CHAP. I.—*Un céd Caidiol.*

Of the Letters or Alphabets, called by the Irish, Ἀἰγυπτιακὰ Ὑποβιβλίσματα.

In the Irish language there are but seventeen letters, viz. :

Figures.	Corresponding English letters.	Names.
א.	A. a.	אלימ.
ב.	B. b.	בֶּעִט.
ג.	C. c.	קולל.
ד.	D. d.	דוּלל.
ה.	E. e.	עֶאֱדָא.
ו.	F. f.	פֶּאֶרֶן.
ז.	G. g.	גֶּוֹרֶט.
ח.	H. i.	יֶוֹדָא.
ט.	L. l.	לֶזֶל.
מ.	M. m.	מֶזֶל.
נ.	N. n.	נֶזֶל.
ס.	O. o.	וֶזֶל.
פ.	P. p.	פֶּזֶל.
ק.	R. r.	רֶזֶל.
ש.	S. s.	שֶׁזֶל.
ת.	T. t.	טֶזֶל.
י.	U. u.	יֶזֶל.

h, is often used in the Irish language, though not counted a vowel or consonant, but an *aspiration* only, and therefore omitted in the foregoing Table.

K, Q, W, X, Y, Z, are seldom or never made use of in the Irish language, except *K*, which is sometimes written for *c*, or *c*æ, *Q*, written for *cu*, and *X*, for the number ten. When *K* is used, it is called colla₁lm, and *Q*, is called collú₁, or ce₁ne.

These seventeen Irish letters are divided into vowels and consonants, viz. *gúcláðe*, *agur conroiníðe*. The vowels are five in number *á*, *e*, *í*, *o*, *u*, of which three are *broad*,* *á*, *o*, *u*, and the other two *small*,* *e*, and *í*.

The consonants are twelve in number, viz. b, c, d, f, g, l, m, n, p, r, s, and are divided into *Mutable*s and *Immutables*. The *Mutable*s are such as by the addition of an h, or by a full point thus (·) placed over them, signifying the

* *Broad and Small*, means *broad* or *full* sound, *small* or *slender* sound, as will be shown hereafter.

CHAP. II.—**ἡ ὁ ἀνα ἑαῖβῖδῖοι.**

Influences, or *Eclipses*, is a primary or radical Initial consonant, by some other Intervening consonant, quite *extinguish* the power of the other letter, as **αἱ ζC**ἡλλ, *Our Sense*, **αἱ ζC**ἡμδε, *Our Friends*.

The *radical*, or *possessive C*, in either of the foregoing words is extinguished by the **ζ**, immediately preceding.

There are seven consonants that suffer Eclipses, **β, γ, δ, ϕ, μ, ρ, τ**. And the learner is to take notice that, when *two* of these seven consonants come together in the beginning of a word, that it is the *first* that *pronounces*, the second maintains the *primitive* sense of the word, as **μβ**, being met together in the beginning of a word, its **μ**, that carries the force, the **β**, maintaining the primitive sense, because it being the *radical* or *possessive* letter, as, **αἱ μβ**εατα, *Our Life*, **αἱ μβ**ἄτ, *Our Death*, &c.

ζC, being met together in the beginning of a word, **ζ**, carries the force, the **C** maintaining the sense, because it is the radical or possessive letter, as, **αἱ ζC**αφαλλ, *Our Horses*, **αἱ ζC**αοίη, *Our Sheep*, &c.

ηΘ, being met together in the beginning of a word, **η** carries the force, the **Θ** maintains the sense, being the radical or possessive letter, as, **αἱ ηΘ**οτcur **α ηΘ**ἰα, *Our Hope in God*, &c.

βϕ, being met together in the beginning of a word, both letters pronounce like *V*, in the English language, notwithstanding it is the **ϕ**, that maintains the sense of the word, because of its being the *radical*, or *primitive* letter, as **αἱ βϕ**λεαδ, *Our Banquet*, **αἱ βϕ**εοῖλ, *Our Flesh*, &c.

ηΞ, being met together in the beginning of a word, is called by the Irish **ηαταλ**, though they both be not of the same kind, yet they make a sound by blowing the breath, as if they were but one letter. **η**, that carries the force, though **Ξ**, maintains the sense, because it is the *radical*, or *possessive* letter, as **αἱ ηΞ**ἄηδα, *Our Guard*, **αἱ ηΞ**αῖηδῖη, *Our Garden*, &c.

βϙ, being met together in the beginning of a word, it is **β**, that carries the force, though **ϙ**, maintains the sense, being the *radical* or *possessive* letter, as, **αἱ βϙ**εακαδα, *Our Sins*, **αἱ βϙ**όημρ, *Our Pomp*, &c.

τσ, being met together in the beginning of a word, **τ**, that carries the force, though **S**, maintains the sense, because it is the *radical* or *possessive* letter, as, **αη τS**ῖζε, *the Way*, **αη τS**ύῖλ, *the Eye*, **αη τS**ηαῖδ, *the Street*, &c.

δβ, being met together in the beginning of a word, it is **δ**,

that carries the force, though **Ṭ** maintains the sense, because of its being the *radical* or *possessive* letter, as, **Ḃṛ ḁṬḂḁḡḂḁ**, *Our Tongue*, **Ḃṛ ḁṬḂḁḡḂ**, *Our Side*, &c.

Two **cc**, being met together in the beginning of a word, both pronounce like **ç**, but, the last is the maintaining letter, being the *radical* or *possessive*, as, **Ḃṛ cceol**, *Our Music*, **Ḃṛ ccaṛṛṁḁ**, *Our Friend*, &c.

ṛṬ, meeting together in the beginning of a word, have the force of a **ḁ**, *only*, as, **Ḃṛ ṛṛḡḡḂḁṛḡḂḁ**, *Our Lord*, **Ḃṛ ṛṛḂḁḡḂ**, *Our Side*, &c.

When **ḁ**, is written before **l**, in the middle of a word, it is **l**, that pronounces always, as **coḁla**, *sleep*, sounds **colla**. **Ṿóḁla**, *a name given to Ireland*, sounds **Ṿóla**, &c.

When **l**, comes before **ḡ**, and both joined in the middle or end of a word, it is the force of **ll**, they always have, as, **colḡḂḁ**, *Body*, sounds like **colla**, &c. Thus ends a true and full description of all the consonants, both *single* and *double*, *plain*, and *aspirated*.

The three letters **l**, **ḡ**, **ṛ**, are never aspirated, but are always pronounced as in the English language, as you have been taught in the first Chapter. The double letters are termed **ṛḂḁḡḂ**, i. e. *strong*, as **ll**, in **poll**, **ḡall**, **ḡeall**, &c., **ḡḡ**, in **ḂṛḡḡḡḂ**, **ṛḂḁḡḡḂ**, **ḡḂḁḡḡḂ**, **ḡḡḡḡḂ**, &c., **ṛṛ**, in **Ḃḁṛṛṛ**, **Ḃḁṛṛ**, **Ḃḁṛṛ**, **ṛḂḁṛṛ**, &c.

Now, I shall treat of the nature of the five vowels, called by the Irish **ḡuḂḁḡḂḁ**, and will show how they sound their quantities, and how they are to be pronounced severally in the Irish language. They are as follows: **Ḃ**, **e**, **ṛ**, **o**, **u**, whereof three are pronounced *broad*, **Ḃ**, **o**, **u**, and two, *small*; **e** and **ṛ**, as is mentioned in the first Chapter.

The learner must observe, that the vowels are always of a short quantity when without an *accent* or *long stroke*, thus (') set over them, but when this stroke is placed over a vowel in any syllable, it gives it a long sound, as **béḂḁ**, *Mouth*, **SéḂḁḡḂ**, *Prosperity*, &c.

From these five vowels being joined, or united together, arise thirteen *Diphthongs*, and five *Triphthongs*. The *Diphthongs* are called from having *two* vowels in one syllable, and are called in Irish **ṬḂḁḡḡḡḂḁḂḁ**, are as follows: **Ḃo**, **Ḃe**, **Ḃṛ**, **eḂ**, **eu**, **eo**, **eṛ**, **ṛḂ**, **ṛo**, **ṛu**, **uḂ**, **uṛ**, **oṛ**.

The five *Triphthongs* are called by the Irish **ṬṛḂḁḡḡḡḂḁḂḁ**, on account of having *three* vowels in one syllable, are as follows, **Ḃoṛ**, **eoṛ**, **ṛḂṛ**, **ṛuṛ**, **uḂṛ**.

The Irish Grammarians distinguish these *Diphthongs* and *Triphthongs* by names taken from the leading vowel of each class, as, **ḂḁḡḡḡḂḁḂḁḂḁ**, **ḂḁḂḁḂḁḂḁ**, **ṛḂḁḂḁḂḁḂḁḂḁ**, **uḂḁḂḁḂḁḂḁḂḁ**, **ḂḁḂḁḂḁḂḁḂḁ**.

The four that begin with **Ἀ**, should be called *Apthong*; those which begin with **Ε**, *Epthong*; those which begin with **Ι**, *Ipthong*; those which begin with **Ο**, *Opthong*; and those which begin with **Υ**, *Upthong*.

These terms of art and Initial of each class, are to be understood by the following two Irish verses:—

ḶeḶe hāmārcōill mōmēār āh,
 CúḶ Eabada fōr zo coḶtēāh,
 CúḶ ḶeḶde mūn āḶ mūn,
 TḶ hūllḶōnā āzūr ŌḶ Ḷā hāonār.

Ε, Ḷ ḶtūḶr zāc Eabada āḶ,
 Ι, Ḷ ḶtūḶr zāc ḶeḶ mōmlāḶ;
 Υ, Ḷ ḶtūḶr zāc ḶḶlleāh ḶḶ,
 Ἀ, Ḷ ḶtūḶr zāc Ἀmārcōill.

The **Ἀmārcōill** Ḷo, sounds like *e* in the English language, as **Ἀon**, *One*, **ḶaoḶ**, *Blind*, **ḶaoḶ**, *Cheap*, **ḶḶoḶ**, *Bald-pated*.

Ἀmārcōill āḶ, It is the Ḷ that pronounces mostly, but the Ḷ helps to pronounce the word, as **CāḶḶ**, *Fame*, **FāḶz**, *Prophet*, **TḶḶz**, *Strand*.

This Dipthong sounds always *short* without the ḶḶne fāḶa, or long stroke, as, **SāḶḶ**, *a Beam*, **ŌāḶḶ**, *Oak*, **CāḶḶt**, *a Lease*, **FāḶḶ**, *a Pig-stye*.

Ἀmārcōill āe, pronounces as it comes, and, is *always long*, as **Rāe**, *Moon*, **CoḶtāe**, *County*, Ḷ **Nāe**, *Yesterday*.

Ἀmārcōill ḶoḶ, sounds like *ee*, in the English words, *see*, *bee*, *flee*, as, **SāoḶḶ**, *Carpenters*, **CāoḶḶ**, *Mild*, &c.

The Five Epthongs—Nā cúḶz Eabada.

Eabada ea, pronounces like *a* in the English language, as, **SeāḶc**, *Love*, **FeāḶt**, *Grave*, **NeāḶt**, *Strength*.

But by placing the ḶḶne fāḶa, or *long stroke* over the e, it alters the sound, and makes it long, as, **FēāḶ**, *grass*, **SēāḶ**, *a jewel*, **SēāmūḶ**, *James*.

Eabada eu, is always long, and never requires the long stroke, as **Szeul**, *Story*, **beul**, *Mouth*, **TḶeun**, *Mighty*.

Eabada eo, pronounces both together in the word, as **Ceol**, *Music*, **Ceo**, *Mist*, **Seol**, *Sail of a Ship*.

Eabada eoḶ, the three pronounce in the word, as, **FeoḶḶ**, *Flesh*, **TḶeoḶḶ**, *Guide*, **beoḶḶ**, *Beer*.

EḶ, are sounded short when without the *accent* or *long stroke*, but long, when the *accent* is set over the Dipthong, as may be understood from the following examples: **ḶeḶḶ**, *said*, (short), **ceḶḶ**, *conceal*, (short), **céḶḶ**, *wax*, **léḶḶ**, *a leap*, (long).

The Five Ipthongs—**Ḥa cúl̃ḡ J̃f̃h̃j̃ðe.**

J̃f̃h̃ j̃a, sounds like *ea* in *dear, fear*, &c., as, **S̃l̃ab**, *Mountain*, **S̃r̃l̃an**, *Bridle*, **b̃r̃l̃an**, *Bryan*.

J̃f̃h̃ j̃o, it is the *j* that pronounces mostly in the word, and is naturally long, as, **C̃j̃or**, *Rent*, **F̃j̃on**, *Wine*, **S̃j̃or**, *down*, &c.

J̃f̃h̃ j̃u, both letters sound in the word together, as, **S̃j̃ur̃**, *a Kinswoman*, **T̃r̃j̃ur̃**, *Three*, &c.

J̃f̃h̃ j̃ãj̃, the three helps in the word together, as, **ḡl̃ãj̃ð**, *Battle*, **ḡl̃ãj̃ḡ**, *After*, **ḡl̃ãj̃ḡ**, *a Physician*.

J̃f̃h̃ j̃ur̃, the three sounds in the word together, as, **r̃c̃j̃ur̃**, *a helm*, **c̃j̃ur̃**, *silent*, **S̃j̃ur̃**, *the River Suir*.

The Three Upthongs—**Ḥa c̃ur̃ ḡur̃ll̃j̃oñ̃a.**

ḡl̃leañ̃ ũa, both pronounces in the word, as **r̃ũan**, *rest*, **b̃ũan**, *lasting*, **f̃ũar̃**, *cold*, **r̃ũað̃**, *red*, &c.

ḡl̃leañ̃ ũj̃, *short*, as, **f̃ũj̃l̃**, *blood*, **c̃ũj̃l̃**, *a flie*, **c̃ũj̃lc̃**, *a quilt*, **m̃ũj̃lc̃**, *Wethers*, &c.

ḡl̃leañ̃ ũãj̃, the three sounds in the word, as, **r̃ũãj̃ic̃**, *pleasant*, **ḡũãj̃ic̃**, *a poem*, &c.

The Opthong—**Ḥa ḡur̃ ḡa ḡaoñar̃.**

This *Opthong*, or ḡur̃, is always *short* without the accent, as, **c̃õj̃ur̃**, *crime*, **c̃õj̃ur̃**, *a hound*, &c., but with the accent it is *long*, as **c̃ó̃j̃ur̃**, *justice*, **f̃ó̃j̃ur̃**, *help*, **m̃ó̃j̃ur̃**, *turf*, &c.

The reader is requested to take particular notice of the *long* and *short* quantities of the *Dipthongs* and *Tripthongs*, as they are noted in the foregoing examples. It must be always observed by the learner, when the *long stroke*, (') which is called in *Irish*, **S̃j̃ne f̃að̃a**, comes over any single Vowel or Dipthong, *naturally short*, the syllable where any, or either of them are so marked with the said *accent*, or *stroke*, shall be always pronounced *long*, as, **b̃á̃r̃**, *death*, **c̃á̃r̃**, *reason*, **R̃ó̃r̃**, *Rose*.

Examples of long and short sounds :

C̃aõj̃ur̃ , mild.	ḡõ m̃ú̃j̃ur̃c̃e , unapt to be taught.
ḡãr̃al̃ , generous.	ḡí̃ m̃ẽar̃ , disregard.
Ḥá̃j̃r̃eac̃ , bashful.	Joñḡñá̃c̃ , inconstant.
ḡẽr̃m̃j̃ur̃ , certain.	ḡj̃ j̃ẽur̃ , misfortune.
ḡú̃j̃ur̃c̃e , mannerly.	C̃l̃ó̃j̃ðẽam̃ , sword.
ḡẽar̃ , regard.	ḡãj̃r̃ḡj̃ðẽac̃ , champion.

Dipthongs and Tripthongs shall never be divided, so you are not to write **p̃l̃-an** for the word **p̃lan**, *pain*, &c.

By a careful perusal of this short Introduction, the learner will be able to read any Irish book with ease.

The next number will contain an *Ode* to the Irish language, and an elegant Irish Song, with *literal translations*.

ABRAHAM TRAJOEJZE.

“ Let the simple songs of our sires be tried,
They go to the heart ;—and the heart is all.”—*Furlong.*

SEAHAM CLARACH MAC DOBHAILL.

THE spirit of nationality which now leavens the entire mass of Irish society, was, during the last century totally unknown. At that time sprung up a crop of strange names in the land; and rock and valley were made vocal by mongrel sounds, in which Celtic roots were squealed forth in due accordance to English euphony, while more daring spirits, renouncing the wretched subterfuge, flung off their Irish coil, as the serpent doth his slough, and became more English than the English themselves. It is painfully ridiculous to observe, how some sons of the soil, whose ability and enterprise have enabled them to emerge from their native glen, will, even now, squiny in affected wonderment, when Irish sounds invade their “ears polite,” as if they had never mottled their shanks at a turf fire, or luxuriated over a well-roasted *Brohogue*.

Amid the universal abandonment to which we have referred, arose a band of faithful men to decry the apostacy—to shame the servile—to warm the cold—to kindle the valiant—to proclaim ceaseless enmity to the Saxon oppressor. Brooding over the wrongs of his native land, the Jacobite bard seeks the deep silence of a romantic vale, where bursts upon his eye the ideal being of his evocation, invested with all those attributes in which genius loves to clothe the personification of female beauty. The pomp of his alliterative tongue of harmony is enrolled to paint, with all the glow of oriental imagery, her golden hair, her swan-like neck, her swelling bosom. This embodiment of beauty he calls ERIN. The imaginative peasant beholds the divine emanation—worships her beamy loveliness—burns at the recital of her wrongs, and swears eternal hate to her false oppressor. His country is Erin, and Erin a beauteous queen

in bondage ! Here lay the secret of the poet's mastery over the heart of the Celt—thither every note of freedom sped, and there found ready admission. At the head of this gifted band were John O'Twomy the Gay, John Collins, Tieg O'Sullivan, (Thaddeus Hibernicus,) Owen Roe O'Sullivan, and last but chief, the subject of our present sketch, the celebrated JOHN CLARAGH M'DONNELL.

What an interesting production would be the lives of these Jacobite poets !—what a mine of adventure, and humour, and frolic would the erratic wanderings of Owen the Red present, as he strayed, in his triple capacity of poet, potato-digger, and pedant—or the eccentric life of the witty *Mangaire Sugach*, who perambulated the “five provinces” in his profession of travelling merchant ; whose bardic qualities procured him ready admittance to all tables—to that of the hospitable and free, by the charms of his wit and humour—to that of the churl, because of the dreaded severity of his caustic wit ! What records must have remained of John O'Twomy, whose public-house was, for many years, the very court of Apollo, the resort of all the bards, idle gentlemen, and strollers of the South—beneath whose humble roof assembled more learning and genius and wit than all the clubs and coteries of high life could produce for a century ! How varied between good and evil was the life of M'Donnell—hunted in his early day by the squirearchy, who took to the chase of the priest and the poet with as keen a zest as did their descendants of later times to the less exciting pastime of fox hunting ; or seated high among congregated poets, in his native town of Charleville, presiding over the bardic session, where the candidate for admission was obliged to furnish extempore proofs of his genius, and to receive on his shield the arrowy hail of threescore wits !

John M'Donnell, to a profound knowledge of the history, antiquities, and legendary lore of his native land, added a familiar acquaintance with that Greek and Latin erudition, then studied with so much avidity in the wilds and fastnesses to which persecution had driven the poets and instructors of the people. O'Halloran, in his introduction to the History of Ireland, makes honourable mention of this gifted man, and affirms, that he proposed to some gentlemen of the county Clare the project of translating Homer's Iliad into Irish. The reader will perceive the unconquerable genius which this proposal displays, when he remembers that the priest, the poet, and the literary teacher, were men hunted beyond the pale of society, and priced with the felon wolf of the hill. O'Halloran adds, “From the specimen he gave, it would seem that this prince of poets would appear as respectable in a Gaelic as in a Greek dress.” It was reserved for a kindred genius, Dr. M'HALE, to produce the proof !

M'Donnell was the author of many beautiful Jacobite pieces, all displaying his varied powers of composition. The few which appear in the present collection will bear testimony to the truth of this assertion ; for instance, the "Lament" unites all the tender simplicity of Goldsmith with the sweetly-sounding versification of Pope ; while the "Peril of Britain" exhibits an outbreak of glorious energy well worthy of Homer. Other poems, that may yet find a place in our collection, depict his bitter, caustic irony—his mellifluous elegiac strains resembling the best efforts of Gray.

Touching the cognomen, *Claragh*, the writer of this hasty sketch, shall practise that silence which best becomes him on a subject where men of learning have been at fault. Crofton Croker says, that *Shane Claragh* means John the Minstrel, while every Irish scholar knows it does not : and Mr. Hardiman, in his "Minstrelsy," says, that his family were called Claragh, from a mountain of that name between Charleville and Mallow : Claragh is a romantic hill between Mill-street and Killarney, and thirty miles, at least, from the locality in which it has been placed by the writer of the note in the "Minstrelsy."

John Claragh M'Donnell was born in the year 1691, and lies interred in the old church-yard of Ballyslough near Charleville, where the flag-stone, that covers the mortal remains of this gifted child of song, contains the following Latin inscription :—



I.H.S.

JOHANNES M'DONALD, cognominatus Cláragh,
vir vere Catholicus, et quibus linguis ornatus, nempe
Græca, Latina et Hybernica : non Vulgaris Ingenii poeta
tumulatur ad hunc Cippum. Obiit Ætatis Anno 63.
Salutis 1754.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

His Elegy was chanted by his friend and brother bard, John O'Twomy, in strains well worthy of the vehicle of his verse, and the genius of the departed poet.

WISLIMG WJR ĒJRE.

Seáḡan Cláirach, no can.

Oíðce b́jor am lúḡe am f́uan,
 'S mé aji buairnead tpe na caṡaḡe ;
 Do f́in an t-ríḡ-bean, t-ríṡleac, t-ruaḡic,
 Taoḡb ljom ruar aḡ déanaíḡ taṡaḡe :
 ba caol a com, a cpaob-f́oḡlt tḡom,
 'Aḡ téacḡo go b́oḡ lēḡ 'na f́maṡaḡe ;
 ba ðuḡbe a ḡruaḡ 'há 'h ḡual,
 'S ba ḡile a ḡruaḡ 'há na h-ḡllaḡe.

Do conaḡic í, ḡnaoḡ ḡan ḡruaḡm,
 'A claon-mḡrḡ uaiṡne ra b́eal tanaḡe ;
 'A mjon ćioch, cḡrḡḡ-ḡeal, cḡuaḡo,
 'Aji a mḡn-cneir f́uaḡ, náṡ b́-f́yl teapḡe :
 'A h-aol-cḡrḡp reanḡ, a mḡḡ-cḡob leabḡm,
 'A caol-tḡoḡḡ ćeanḡ, a d́eḡo, 'r a maḡḡe ;
 'S f́ioḡ ḡur b́aoḡbḡḡ lḡnḡ a rḡuaḡo,
 b́ioṡ ḡur ćruaḡ mé aḡ an ḡ-clearḡe.

Muaḡi deapḡar í, do b́ioḡar ruar,
 Go b́-f́ionaḡḡ uaiṡi cáḡ b́ar í ;
 Ḿioḡi f́mḡtal ŕí, do rḡéḡmḡ ŕí uaiḡm,
 'S b́jor go duaiḡic d́éir mo rṡapḡe !
 D́éḡear go lom, na deabḡḡ le f́oḡn,
 Ḿioḡi aonṡa ljom, 'r mé aji meapḡe ;

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Oíðce b́jor am lúḡe am f́uan
 Night I was lying in slumbers (heavy sleep)
 'Aḡr mé aji buairnead tpe na caṡaḡe
 And I in trouble by the wars (temptations)
 Do f́in an t-ríḡ-bean t-ríṡ-leac t-ruaḡic
 Did stretch the fairy woman peaceful polite
 Taoḡb ljom ruar aḡ déanaíḡ taṡaḡe
 Side by me up to form acquaintance
 ba caol a com a cpaob-f́oḡlt tḡom
 Slender her waist her branchy-locks heavy
 'Aḡ téacḡo go b́oḡ lēḡ 'na f́maṡaḡe
 Reaching the soles (feet) by her in wreaths
 ba ðuḡbe a ḡruaḡ 'há an ḡual
 Blacker her hair than the coal

A VISION ON IRELAND.

One night my eyes in seal'd repose,
 Beheld wild war's terrific vision—
 When, lo! beside my couch arose
 The Banshee bright of form Elysian!
 Her dark hair's flow stream'd loose below
 Her waist to kiss her foot of lightness—
 The snows that deck the cygnet's neck,
 Would fail to peer her bosom's whiteness!

I saw her—mild her angel mien;
 Her azure eye was soul-subduing;
 Her white, round breast and lip were seen
 The eye of wonder ever wooing—
 Her sylph-like waist—her forehead chaste—
 Her ivory teeth and taper finger—
 'Twas heaven, 'tis true, these charms to view—
 'Twas pain within their sphere to linger!

“Fair shape of light! thy lowly slave
 Entreats thy race—thy travels' story.”
 Her white arm gave one beck'ning wave—
 She vanish'd like a beam of glory!
 My questioning call unheeded all,
 My cries above the breezes swelling,

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Ա լաօղ-բօյրջ ալի՛նք աջսր և բեալ տաղալիք
 Her bent-eyes green (blue) and her mouth thin
 Ա միօղ շիօ՛ժ Երսիւն-ճեալ Երսսիծ
 Her small breast round white hard
 Այր և միւն-ճեւիլ բսար ղա՛ժ երբլ տարալիք
 On her smooth skin cool not is heated
 Ա հաօլ-ճօրք բեղոյ և բիւլ-ճրօժ եւծալիւ
 Her pure body slender her fair hand long
 Ա Եաօլ-Երսիւլ տեա՛ն և ծիծ Իս մալիլիք
 Her slender foot stout her teeth and eyebrows
 Ա'ր բիօր շսր Ե՛ս Եօլիւն ին և Իրսս
 'Tis true that delightful with us her shape
 Եիօ՛ժ շսր Երսսա՛յ մե Ե՛ս Են յԵլարալիք.
 Though that pitied me by the play-mate.
 Խսսար ծարար Ի Ե՛ս Եիօճար Իսար
 When I beheld her I started up
 Ծօ Ե-բիօղալիւն ալի՛ժ Եար ԵԵ Եր Ի
 To enquire from her whence came she
 Խիօր բիւօժալ Ի՛յ Ե՛ս Իճիւն Իլ ալիւմ
 Not reply she did fled she from me
 Աջսր Եիօր Ծօ Եսսար Ե՛ս Եիլ մօ ԻԵարալիք
 And I was gloomy after my narrator

Ḑur leanaṛ í don tíṛ ba tṁaíḑ,

Ḑo ríḑ na n-ḡṁuaḡach, cē ḡur b-ṛada í?

Tíḡṁ a nṁor aṁṁṛ do ṁuaíḡ,

Ḑo ríḑ Cṁuaḑna, 'ṛ ḡo ríḑ Seanaíḡe;

Ḑo ríḑ aolḑṁṁ, aolḡearḑa, ṁuaḑ,

Maṛ a m-bíḑ na ṛluaḡa ṁe taoíḑ na beaṁaíḡe:

Ḑo h-aolḑṁoḡ bḑíṁ, Aonḡaíṛ ḑíḡ,

Aḡ ṛeáḑaṁ ṁeḑíṁaṁ 'ṛ aḡ dēaṁaṁ ṛeapṛaíḡe;

Mí ṁaíḑ a tuaṁṁṛḡ ṛíor, ná ṛuaṛ,

Aḑḑ í do ḡluaṛṛeáḑḑ tṁe na bealaíḡe.

Tíḡṁ ḡo ríḑ íṁc UṚ, na ḡ-Cṁuaḑ,

Ḑo Cṁaolḑ Ruad, 'ṛ tíḡṁ ḡo Teamair;

Ḑo ríḑ-ḑnoíḑ ṼṚṚṚṚ, aolḑṁṁ, ṛuaṛ,

'S Aolḑíṁ Ruad ṁe taoíḑ na Cṁaíḡe:

Bíḑ cēad beaṁ ḑḡ ba ṛeṁíṁe clodh,

Aḡ éṛṛeáḑḑ ceḑíṁ 'ṛ aḡ dēaṁaṁ aṛṛíḡe;

A b-ṛoḑaṁ Aolḑíṁ, 'ṛ Ríḡḡa Tṁaḑ-míṁaṁ,

'S míṁe ḡṁuaḡach ḡlé le ḡaíṛḡíḑe.

Do bí aṁ t-ṛíḑḑeaṁ t-ṛíḑḑeáḑ t-ṛuaíṁc,

Do ḑṁṁ aṁ buaíṁc mé aṁ ṁaḑaíḡe;

Ma ṛṁḡe ḡo maolṁeáḑ, míṁ-ḡeal, ṛuaṛ,

'S a dḑaol-ḑuaḑa léí ḡo h-altaíḡe:

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Ḑur leanaṛ í don tíṛ ba tṁaíḑ

Till I pursued her to the country northwards

Ḑo ríḑ na n-ḡṁuaḡach cē ḡur b-ṛada í.

To mount of the fairies though distant it be.

Tíḡṁ aṁṁor aṁṁṛ do ṁuaíḡ

I come up again of a flight

Ḑo ríḑ Cṁuaḑna aḡur ḡo ríḑ Seanaíḡe

To mount of Cruachna and to mount Senai

Ḑo ríḑ aolḑíṁ aolḡearḑa ṁuaḑ

To mount gentle haunted red

Maṛ a m-bíḑ na ṛluaḡa ṁe taoíḑ na beaṁaíḡe

Where meet the hosts by side the Boyne

Ḑo haol-bṁoḡ bḑíṁ Aonḡaíṛ ḑíḡ

To white mansion Boyne Aongus Oge

Aḡ ṛeáḑaṁ ṁeḑíṁaṁ aḡur aḡ dēaṁaṁ ṛeapṛaíḡe

Looking before me and making festive

Mí ṁaíḑ a tuaṁṁṛḡ ṛíor ná ṛuaṛ

Not was her tidings below or above

As, fill'd with woe, I northward go,
 To Grugach's distant, fairy dwelling !
 Through fair Senai—through Crochan's hall
 I wildly chase the flying maiden ;
 By fairy fort—by waterfall,
 Where weir'd ones wept with sorrows laden !
 My footsteps roam great Aongus' dome,
 Above the Boyne—a structure airy—
 In hall and moat these wild words float,
 “ She onwards treads the haunt of Faëry !”

Mac Lir, I sought thy proud abode—
 Through Creeveroe my question sounded—
 Through Temor's halls of state I strode —
 And reach'd Knockfeerin spell-surrounded—
 By Aoivil-Roe, 'mid wine cups' flow,
 A thousand maids' clear tones were blending,
 And chiefs o' the Gael, in armed mail,
 At tilt and tourney were contending !
 The Smooth-skin fair, whose witching eye
 Had lured me from my pillow dreamy,
 Mid shadowy hosts was seated high,
 Her coal black tresses wild and streamy.

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Tíðim zo íjt Míic Lír na z-Cruach
 I come to mansion Mac Lir of the Cruachs
 Zo Cruaib Ruad azur tíðim zo Teamair
 To Branch Red and I come to Temor
 Zo íjt-énoic Fíriní aoibín fuar
 To fairy hills of Firinn gentle breezes
 Azur Aoibill Ruad ne taoib na cruige
 And Aoivill Red by side of the rock
 bíd céad bean oz ba íéime clód
 Were hundred woman young of mildest shape
 Az éirteacó ceoil azur az déanamh airtíge
 Listening to music and playing pastime
 A bfocháir Aoibill azur niozra Tuad-múmaíh
 With Aoivill and kings of Thomond
 Azur míle zruazac zlé le zairzide.
 And thousand wizards pure with valour.
 Oo bí an tíjt-bean tíjt-leac truaíre
 Was the fairy-woman peaceful polite
 Oo cúir aír buairt me am račaiže
 Did put in trouble me in my rambles
 Na ruíže zo maoinéac mih-žeal ruar
 Sitting with hosts smooth-white up

D'féac a hall go maorða, mall,
 ba lêr di ari ball gur me do lean 1;
 Ari ri, "r truað linn do cuaird,
 Tis anuar 'r éirt ái g-cearnaiðe."

D'fearnaiðear di cia í an bliagán,
 O'aoir an tigearna beað an fear gnoide;
 Ma rið ari gaoideil go briogmar, dian,
 Að dibrit fear-puic ó na h-allaor?
 Do dún ri a beol, ní dúbairt ní'r mó,
 Seo'r ríubal marí ceo í, nó marí ríðe-gaoit,
 'S ní'l cúntar fóir le tabairt a gcóir,
 Cá h-am do fóirfíðear ari ái nearbaiðe!

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Do féac a hall go maorða mall
 Did look over stately modest
 ba lêr di ari ball gur me do lean 1
 'Twas manifest to her on spot that I did pursue her
 Ari ri ar truað linn do cuaird
 Said she pity with us thy visit
 Tis anuar a gur éirt ái g-cearnaiðe.
 Come down and hear our afflictions.
 Do fearnaiðear di cia í an bliagán
 I inquired of her what year
 Do aoir an tigearna beað an fear gnoide
 Of the age of the Lord would the man valiant
 Ma rið ari gaoideil go briogmar dian
 King over Gael actively severe
 Að dibrit fear-puic ó na hallaiðe
 Expelling wild bucks from her halls
 Do dún ri a beol ní dúbairt ní'r mó
 Closed she her mouth not said any more
 Seo ari ríubal marí ceo í no marí ríðe-gaoit
 Off she goes like mist she or as whirlwind
 A gur ní'l cúntar fóir le tabairt a gcóir
 And not account yet to give in justice
 Cá h-am do fóirfíðear ari ar nearbaiðe
 What time relieved from our wants.

At Aoivill's rocks* no more she mocks
 The ear and eye that long pursu'd her—
 I list her tale of the chainless Gael—
 The slaughter of the fierce intruder!

“ Say, O say, thou being bright!
 When shall the land from slavery waken?
 When shall proud Stuart claim his right,
 And tyrant hearts be terror-shaken?”
 She gives no sign—the form divine
 Pass'd like the winds by fairies woken!
 The future holds in Time's dark folds,
 The despot's chain of bondage broken!

At the suggestion of some friends I have altered my original plan, in order to facilitate the reading of the Songs to those who do not understand the Irish language; and, in the present number, is given an *interlinear* translation on the Hamiltonian system, from which I shall not depart in future. A second edition of the second number will shortly appear in this form, and, as the *literal* translation, which accompanied that number is now dispensed with, I have engaged Mr. Edward Walsh, a writer thoroughly conversant with the legends and manners of the peasantry of the South of Ireland, and a principal contributor to the “Nation Newspaper,” to furnish the metrical version which now appears, as well as that which will appear hereafter; thus making my penny publication suit the views and wishes of the community.

The patriotic little melody which appears on the next page claims precedence. The poet personifies a struggling farmer, or, to use a common phrase, “one who has been wrestling with the world,” plagued by the moans of a starving family, which he can neither feed nor clothe, from the exorbitant demands of an unjust and oppressive landlord, as the reader will easily perceive. He also brings before us a picture of the spoliation and ruin of our unhappy country, and characterizes the rude barbarian adventurers that from time to time made predatory incursions into Ireland; and shews with what intrepidity they were repulsed by bands of Irish heroes united. The Song is written to that beautiful and well-known *air*, the *Seal bán*, which I shall have great pleasure in laying before my readers in a future number.

I have to thank P. F. White, Esq. Illustrator of the Bards and Ancient Music of Ireland, Wexford; Messrs. Michael O'Sullivan, and Martin Griffith, Kilrush, County Clare; for the valuable collection of manuscript Songs they have sent me, from which I shall make selections for my next number.

* Celebrated fairy haunts.

AN BOHMAIRE FIAĐHA-PUIO.

Seáđan Cláracĥ, mō.ċan.

A ré do leōnadjō mo ċumar ;
 An boñajie¹ fjađa-þuic,² fáđam ;
 Do léim ċari teōrujñ do ċurruajc,
 le'pi malleađ le cjan an máđa :
 Faol-ċoin³ fōji-nejit le fveanñ,
 Ċyfi bjuj' aji ó ċmall a ġnájajr,
 D'éimjō ré cōmrac đan inŷneac ;
 'S d'imċiđ ó mjan a nájajō.

Aita mo cōmajō⁴ đan fveċñ,⁵
 'S mo ċuinđi⁶ đan fēui, đan fář,⁷
 Aita an-fōiđ aji mo inŷnean,
 'S a n-uilljñ đan eáđac řlán :

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

A ré do leōnadjō mo ċumar
 'Tis he that wounded my power
 An boñajie fjađa-þuic fáđam
 The footman hunting-folk wandering
 Do léim ċari teōrujñ do ċurruajc
 Did leap over bounds did push
 Le aji malleađ le cjan an máđa
 By whom wasted for long time the plain

¹ Boñajie, a footman, or, one who has been constantly travelling on foot, as the word fáđam, (*wandering*) would indicate.

² Fjađa-þuic, tyrants. I am told that the literal translation is *hunting-folk*, from Priest-hunting, or Bard-hunting; but the general acceptance of the word is *tyrants*.

³ Faol-ċoin, wild-dogs, blood-hounds; means also *brave warriors* which is that intended by the poet.

⁴ Cōmajō, a pair; perhaps his wife and child.

⁵ Fveċñ, (from fveċ, rags of cloth,) covering, heat, shelter.

⁶ Cuinđi, (from cuinđ, a yoke,) a pair of horses, or oxen.

Fa ċuinđ na nđall đa bjuđađ đo tean.

Under Saxon yoke severely gored.

⁷ Fář, growth, increase.

THE CRUEL BASE-BORN TYRANT.

*(A JACOBITE RELIC,)

Closely translated from the Irish.

What withered the pride of my vigour?

The lowly-sprung tyrant train

That rule all our border with rigour,

And ravage the fruitful plain—

Yet once when the war-trumpet's rattle

Arous'd the wild clansman's wrath,

They, heartless, abandon'd the battle,

And fled the fierce foeman's path!

The loved ones my life would have nourish'd

Are foodless, and bare, and cold—

My flocks by their fountain that flourish'd,

Decay on the mountain wold—*

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Faol-choin fōin-heiur le fuinneamh

Wild-dogs oppressive with vigour

Ĉvur bairiad ariu ó tairall a zharair

Did break on (him) from design his custom

Do éimhō fē comhac zhan mhirneac

Did quit he conflict without courage

Azur do imēz o rian a nāmhaid

And did evade from track (of) his enemies.

Ara mo cōmhaid zhan fvrēir

Are my pair without shelter

Azur mo cūirzuir zhan feur zhan far

And my yoke without grass without increase (growth)

Ara an-fōz ariu mo mhirneair

Are misery on my family

Azur a n-uillē zhan ēadac rlan

And their elbows without clothes sound

* *Wold*, signifies a plain open country, from the Saxon *pol*, a plain and a place without wood. *Gibson's Camden*.

Ատձ ան տօյն ձն մո իմլլաճ,
 Զօ մոյց օ շիջարնա 'ն րէալտ ;
 'Տ 'տձ մօ Բրօճա-րձ ԲրրԵ,
 'Տ ճան քոյնն ձձ Բ-բլաճ' ան լայն.

Եր լէն ձ ղլեօ-ճոյց ճն շնտեաձն,
 ՏլոլայնԵ՞ շքեւն ձն լայն ;
 'Տ ճն շնէյ ղն մօն-ճնձ ձեճ-ճման,
 Պրրեաճ, Եր ճաօնն, Եր ճրաճ :
 Բ'բէյնն քօր լե ղիջ Մեյնե,
 Զօ Ե-ճոյքաճ ան լաօճ շն րալ' ;
 Զօ քէյքեաճ քօձլձ ճօ Կ-նլե,
 օ շնրաճալԵ ձաօն ան ձնն.

ՊԱՐ ԱՄ ՇԵԱՄԱՅՆԵ.

Տեճան ճլայն, ղօ ճան.

Արրն ղաօն ձօ ձարճար քէն, ձն
 լեաձձ 'ր մէ ճօ լաճ-Բրիջեաճ ;

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Ատձ ան տօյն ձն մո իմլլաճ
 Are the pursuers on my top (of my head)
 Զօ մոյց օ շիջարնա ան րէալտ
 Very often from lord (of) the state
 Աճնր աձձ մօ Բրօճա-րձ ԲրրԵ
 And are my shoes own broken
 Աճնր ճան քոյնն ձձ Բբլաճձ ան լայն.
 And without penny of (their) debts in (my) hand.
 Եր լէն ձ ղլեօ ճոյց ճն շնտեաձն
 'Tis manifest in (the) fight (of the) hills that they fell
 ՏլոլայնԵ շքեւն ձն լայն
 Clans brave on middle (on the ground)

* ՏլոլայնԵ, *clans, youths, saplings.*

Misfortune my temper is trying ;
 This raiment no shelter yields—
 And chief o'er my evils undying,
 The tyrant that rules my fields !

Alas ! on the red hill where perish'd
The offspring of heroes proud,
The virtues our forefathers cherish'd,
Lie pall'd in their blood-stain'd shroud !
And O ! for one hero avenger,
With aid o'er the heaving main,
To sweep from *Clar-Fodhla* the stranger,
And sever his bondage chain !



MAC AN CHEANAIGHE.

(A JACOBITE RELIC.)

Translated from the Irish.

A vision bless'd my eyes erewhile,
Revealing scenes sublime and airy!



INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Այս ցար ինչից լի մօր-նայծ ծեփ-նայի
And that forsook us great share (of) good fellowship

20 Գրեմ ԶԵՐ ՇՈՒՆԱ ԶԵՐ ՅԻԱԾ
Courage and protection and love

ba þéiðlī þór le Ríð Neime
Perhaps yet by King (of) Heaven

Το δευτερον αν λαοσ επι παλη
 Will come the hero over (the) sea

Do méiḡread Fódla go huile
Will free *Fodhla* all over

Օ Շարճաճի՛ծ ծառս ան արիւ.
From Turks guilty (of) the slaughter.



Արևոյ բառն ծո ծագար քնն զլի
Vision empty did behold I (self) on

Leabað azur me zo la3-bri3eac
Bed and I very feeble

21) 411-ḫīī ḫēīī d'āī b'āīīī ēīīre,
 22) teacō am ḡaōī 411 māīcāīḡeacō :
 23) ḫīle ḡlar, a cūī tīub, carōa,
 24) cōm ba cōol, 'r a māīlīḡe ;
 25) īīḡeāīī ḡo māīb aḡ tīḡeacō 'nā ḡarī,
 26) le dīōḡmāīī Mac an Cheanāīḡe.¹

27) beōī ba bīī, a ceōī ba cōōī, 'r
 28) Rō-ḫeāīc līī an cāīīī ;
 29) Cēīle bīīāīī d'āī ḡēīīīd 'n ḫīāī,
 30) Mo lēīī-cīeacō dīāī a h-āīcīd :
 31) Fā ḫīīīīḡ ḡall² dā bīīūḡaō ḡo teāī,
 32) Mo cūīlīīōī t-ḫeāīḡ, 'r mo bēāī-ḡaōīdēīī,
 33) beīd rī 'nā rḫīeār,³ an mīḡ-bēāī dēār,
 34) ḡo bīīīīīd Mac an Cheanāīḡe.

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

21) 411ḫīī ḫēīī dō ar ba 411īī ēīīre
 The damsel mild whose name (was) (Eire)

22) teacō am ḡaōī 411 māīcāīḡeacō
 Approaching me near on horseback (riding)

23) ḫīle ḡlar a cūī tīub carōa
 Her eyes green (blue) her head (hair) thick twisted (curling)

24) cōm ba cōol aḡur a māīlīḡe
 Her waist so slender and her eyebrows

25) īīḡeāīī ḡo māīb aḡ tīḡeacō nā ḡarī
 Proclaiming there was coming nigh her

¹ Mac an Cheanāīḡe, a poetical allegory for the king of Spain, from whom the Irish expected aid to shake off the Saxon yoke.

² Fā ḫīīīīḡ ḡall, a metaphor taken from threshing corn, shewing that the Irish were so severely bruised under the tyrannical lash of the Saxon, as the straw is beneath the flail of the thresher.

³ Spīeār, *withered, diminutive*. By this passage the poet implies that this kingdom would be reduced to such a state of misery and ruin, as not to be worth fighting for, when the expected aid would arrive.

The genius of green Erin's isle,
 Stood by my couch, a gorgeous fairy—
 Her blue eyes' glow, her ringlets' flow,
 And pure, pale brow exceeding any,
 Proclaimed, with pride, that at her side
 Would sit, her true-love, **Ḃḡac an Cheannáige**.

Her voice is sweetest music's sound
 To us who for her love are dying :
 Proud spouse of Brian, conquest-crown'd,
 I mourn the doom that leaves thee sighing !
 When Saxon might assails thy right,
 I dread, fair queen, belov'd of many,
 That o'er thy brow dark sorrow's plough
 Shall come, ere cometh **Ḃḡac an Cheannáige** !

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Le d'iozmair Ḃḡac an Cheannáige.
 With diligence Son (of) the Merchant.

A beól ba b'íh a ceól ba c'aoih a'zúr
 Her mouth so melodious her music (voice) so mild and

Ró-íearc l'íh an cailín
 Very love with us the girl

Céile b'riaih do ar z'éillid an f'iaí
 Spouse (of) Bryan to whom yielded the hosts (armies)

Ḃḡo léir-c'neac d'iaí a h'aicid
 My open woe severe her disease

Fa fúirtib Sall da b'riúad zo teah
 Under flails Saxon pressing her fiercely

Ḃḡo cúlféih t'reahz a'zúr mo beah-z'aoideil
 My fair one slender and my kins-woman

beid rí iona r'ppear an m'z-beah deap
 Will she be withered the princess beautiful

Zo b'fíllfid Ḃḡac an Cheannáige.
 Till returns Son (of) the Merchant.

Ma céadta 'tá a b-péin do ghrá, le
 Geur-íearc ráin dá cheir-mhín;
 Clanna ríge, maca Mílead,
 Drágon lóiméa, is gairgídecc:
 Ghnúr 'na ghaol, ní mhúrglan sí,
 'S tís dúbac fá ríor an caslín;
 Níl faeríom real, le tísgeacht 'na gar,
 Go bfuillfid Mac an Cheanaige.

'Dúbairt aísir an óig-bean mhín, gur
 Siur na ríge cleach sí;
 Conn ar áit, ba lóimhán meacht
 ba fóglaic glaic a ngleacaidéacht:
 Go d-tiocfaid Seághan tair toíh aigéin,
 Is lúgh mac céin, an fear gíordé;
 Beid sí 'na ríreap, gan lúge le fear
 Go bfuillfid Mac an Cheanaige.

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Ma céadta atá a b-péin do ghrá le
 Hundreds are in pain of love with
 Geur-íearc ráin da cheir mhín
 Sharp affection tranquil to (her) skin smooth
 Clanna ríge maca Mílead
 Sons (of) kings sons (of) Milesius
 Drágon lóiméa aísir gairgídecc
 Dragons polished and champions
 Ghnúr iona ghaol ní mhúrglan sí
 Frown in her countenance not awakens she
 Aísir tís dúbac fá ríor an caslín
 And cometh sorrowful under fatigue the girl
 Ní bfuil faeríom real le tísgeacht iona gar
 Not had ease a-while to come her nigh
 Go bfuillfid Mac an Cheanaige.
 Till returns Son (of) the Merchant.

Myriads languish for her love,
 And burn to clasp her form of beauty—
 For her have kings and heroes strove,
 Rivals high in love and duty.—
 But joy's bright trace ne'er lights her face,
 She fears her foemen fierce and many;
 No hope-fraught ray to cheer her way,
 Will come, till cometh **ՊԺԵ ԱՆ ՇԵԱՆԱԴՅԷ.**

“My brethren,” said the beauteous maid,
 “Were kings supreme and chiefs of glory,
 Conn of the blood-red battle blade,
 And Art, the theme of ancient story.
 And o'er the deep, where tall barks leap,
 Shall heroes come renown'd and many.”
 Alas the day!—thy charms' decay
 Shall come, ere cometh **ՊԺԵ ԱՆ ՇԵԱՆԱԴՅԷ.**

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

ՅԱ ԺԱՅԱՅԻՐ ԱՐԴԻՐ ԱՆ ԺԻՅ-ԵԱՆ ԻՅՆ ՅԱՐ
 Said again the youthful-woman smooth that

ՏԻՐ ԴԱ ՐԴՅՇԷ ՇԼԵԱՇԺ ՐԴ
 Niece (to) the kings practised she

ԿՈՆՆ ԱՅԱՐ ԱՐԷ ԵԱ ԼՈՊՊԱՐ ՐԵԱՇԺ
 Conn and Art whose powerful laws

ԵԱ ԲՇՅԼԱՇ ՅԼԱԻՇ Ա ՆՅԼԵԱՇԱԴԵԱՇԷ
 Whose destructive hand in combat

ՅՕ Ծ-ԵԵՐԲԱԺ ՏԵԱՅԱՆ ՇԱՐ ԵՇԻՆ ԱԴՅԷՐ
 Till comes John across ocean deep

ԱՅԱՐ ԼՐՅԻ ՊԱՇ ՇԷՐ ԱՆ ԲԵԱՐ ՅՐՈՅԷ
 And Lughadh son (of) Cein the man mighty

ԵԵԺ ՐԴ ԵՈՆԱ ԲԲԵԱՐ ՅԱՆ ԼԱՅԷ ԼԵ ԲԵԱՐ
 Will she be withered without espousing with man

ՅՕ ԵՐԼԼԲԻՅ ՊԺԵ ԱՆ ՇԵԱՆԱԴՅԷ.
 Till returns Son (of) the Merchant.

'Dúbairt-ra léi ari cloy a ržéil, žur
 Rúh nár euz¹ do cleacđ rí;
 Čuajđ don Spáinž, ir řuair rí bār,
 Hjár čřuaž le cāch a ceapnāže:
 Ari cloy mo žutad 'b-řozur di,
 Do bjož a cřiođe 'r do ržiead rí;
 'S d'éaloid an t-anam d'aon-řřieřb ařte,
 Mo leun-ra! 'n bean žo neim-mbřięac.

AMFOCAIM BREATAIM.¹

Seāžan Cláirach, mó čan.

Eřřořž le 'm žlóřčā a mōř-řřiočđ řřilēřřur,
 Bur djbře ba đeonac mo ržeol do ržarpe;
 Būř řaořčē ce leonad, būř leđmāř² 'r būř
 laočřad,
 A ž-čřioč řňř-řōđla, řan řōđ, řan řeāřan:

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

A dúbairt-ra léi ari cloy a ržéil žur
 Said I to her on hearing her tale that

Rún nár euz do cleacđ rí
 Secret not perished did practice she

Čuajđ don Spáinž ažur řuair rí bār
 Went to Spain and she died

Hjár čřuaž le cāch a ceapnāže
 Not pitied by others her afflictions

¹ Rúh nár euz, *a project which fails not*; or, in other words, her going to Spain will eventually be the means of restoring her to the possession of her kingdom; but her dying, and few pitying her complaints, shew her fruitless expectations (the Armada excepted) of succour from that quarter.

² This sublime song is a poetic translation of an article which appeared in a newspaper in 1744, relative to the difficulties England sustained at that period from foreign powers; and, for the better understanding of the song, I would refer the reader to some diffuse history of the period.

³ Leđmāř, *lions*, allegorically used by poets to mean the bravest of their heroes—the lion being the fiercest of the tribes of the forest.

"There's glory for thy future day,
 The banner green shall yet be flying,"
 I cried—but 'neath the vision's sway,
 In distant Spain I saw her dying!
 As burst my cry, she gave reply,
 One shriek the wildest far of any—
 My bitter grief found no relief,
 Till fled thy *keener*, *Mac an Cheannaise*.

~~~~~

### THE PERIL OF BRITAIN.

Ye offspring of heroes through centuries olden,  
 Lend an ear to the tale which the muse hath unfolden—  
 Though landless your nobles—your chiefs lion-hearted,  
 From fair *Inis-Fodhla* for ever are parted—

—————

#### INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Aḡḡ clor mo ḡuṡad a bḡozur di  
 On hearing my voice nigh to her  
 Do bḡoz a cḡóide aḡur do rḡnead rí  
 Did start her heart and did shriek she  
 Aḡur do éaloide an t-anam do aon-ḡneib aḡte  
 And did steal the soul of one-bounce out of her  
 Mo leun-ra! an bean zo nḡim-mbḡíḡeac.  
 My woe! the woman powerless.

~~~~~

Éḡrḡḡ le am ḡlóḡeṡa a mḡm-ḡlḡoḡd Mḡléḡḡur
 Listen to my words you noble-posterity (of) Milesius
 Bḡur diḡre ba deonaḡ mo rḡeol do rḡaḡpe
 'Tis to you I am willing my tale to unfold
 Bḡm rḡoḡte ce leonaḡ bḡm leḡḡaḡn aḡur bḡm laoḡnaḡ
 Your chiefs tho' wounded your lions and your heroes
 A ḡ-cḡḡoḡ Jḡḡr-ḡḡḡla ḡan ḡḡḡ ḡan ḡeḡḡan
 In the kingdom (of) *Inis-Fail* without sod without inheritance

'Tá'n báinne le Pilib ari mui 'r ari tír,
 'S ní táinne do éille dá fínean ma'r fíor;
 beid rzeimle 'zur rzóllað 'co ari fóinneac³
 an éirlið,
 'S díogaltaí an cómaétaíð zac ló da leaḡað.

'Tá fóin-neart 'r fóira, róire 'zur réide,
 'S dín-ḡearrað dhiólan zac ló le fada;
 uḡ ríi-ḡreada fíoiríe zo treoiriá, ḡan
 triaoáð,
 'Tá'n fliṭ bhuide, bueoḡte, 'r ní' fóiṭmí
 aca:
 An méid rin dá b'fínean do mṭiḡ a ḡ-clan,
 I' léiri náir leigead aon d'ne aca n'ar;
 beid c'íinne zo deo aca ari ḡleo áaritaḡéna,
 'S ari rliobað dá feóltá zo póit Sebiarṭan.

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Áta an báinne le Pilib ari mui a'zur ari tír
 Is the goal with Philip on sea and on land
 Ázur ní táinne do éille dá fínean ma'r fíor
 And not worse to others of (his) party if true
 beid rzeimle a'zur rzóllað aco ari fóinneac
 There will terror and heart-rending have on (the) hordes
 an éirlið
 of oppression
 Ázur díogaltaí an Cómaétaíð zac ló da leaḡað
 And vengeance (of) the Almighty each day laying them low

Áta fóin-neart a'zur fóira róire a'zur réide
 There is oppression and force bustle and blowing

³ Fóinneac, *brigands*.

There's Philip victorious o'er wide earth and wave ;
 His allies death-dealing, unsheathed the glaive ;
 Wild havoc and ruin shall seize the oppressor,
 And God's red right arm shall be Erin's redresser !

Whole armies are banded, and heaven their protector,
 To scourge the vile soldiers of George the Elector ;
 By the wrath of the Lord, o'er the wild billow driven,
 His fleets seek their harbours, all shatter'd and riven !
 His thousands that march'd to a far, foreign shore,
 Have pil'd the sad fields of defeat in their gore ;
 Carthager's dire day gave his brave a red pillow,
 And his sails sought Sebastian, in vain, o'er the billow !

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Ածար ծիւղ-ձեպումս ծրօն չա՞նք ի՞նչ փա՞ռս
 And severe-cutting (of) bowels each day this long time

Այ ընդ-ձեպած Տեօրիք չօ շրջումս չան շրջումս
 Constantly whipping George most active without cessation

Առան լի՛շտ երբեք երբեք ածար ո՞ր բքն թօյնի առ
 The fleet(are) broken sickly and not relief have they

Ան մեծ ըն ծա երբեք ծո լի՛շտ ա չօյն
 The number that their troops did went afar off

Եր լին զան լի՛շտս առ ծոյն առ զան
 'Tis manifest not permitted any man of them back (the west)

Եթ ծոյն չօ ծո առ զան չօ Կարթագենա
 Will remember for ever they on battle (of) Carthager

Ածար զան ընթած ծա ընթած չօ թօյն Տեօրիք
 And on hoisting their sails for (the) port (of) Sebastian

'Τά βαβαρια κόμακταc α ζ-κοριόη 'γ α ζ-
 cέιμηb,
 Α η-ίμπριε γα η-Εοριγρ, ρη ηγεολ ηάμ
 μεαγδ ;
 Αζ ρηζεαcαν α ρλόγτε αζ βόριδαιβ βjen-ηα,
 'Τά'η ρίγ-βean ζο δεοι-ϕλιuc, 'γ αν τόρι δά
 ταφαν :
 'Τά Cέιβηη-hullep⁴ ζαν cumar, ζαν cρίc,
 Αζ Cιγλιbε cημεαδ αν βηηρεαδ αιρ α βγδην;
 'Τά Ρηιύρ-γiα 'ζυρ Ρόλανδ α β-βόριταιβ γi-
 léγiα,
 Cη cογδce ρηocδ leδpold ϕαοι cεδ ηα mal-
 lact.
 'Τά Montemar⁵ μόριδα ζο τμεοριαc, αζ τέαμ-
 ηαη,
 ζο λαηηρεαc, ζο leδmanda, ζο lóηηαμ, λαγ-
 ϕαμ ;
 le τεjητιb, le τόριηεαc, le τόριμαc, le τριéηe,
 le ϕαοιcτιb, le ρλόγcτιb, le ceoltaiβ cača ;

 INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Ατα βαβαρια κόμαcδαc α ζκοριόη αζυρ α ζcέιμηb
 Is Bavaria mighty in crown and in dignity
 Α η-ίμπριε γα η-Εοριγρ ρη ηγεολ ηάμ μεαγδ
 Their emperor in Europe that tale not expected
 Αζ ρηζεαcαν α ρλόγτε αζ βόριδαιβ βjen-ηα
 Encamping his hosts at borders (of) Vienna
 Ατα αν ρίγ-βeη ζο δεοι-ϕλιuc γ αν τόρι δά ταφαν
 Is the queen in tears and the pursuers are routing her

⁴ Cέιβηη-hullep, *Count Khevenhuller* ; a distinguished Austrian general who took a conspicuous part in this campaign.

⁵ Montemar, *Duke de Montemar*, who commanded the Spanish army assembled at Rimini, and being joined by the Neapolitan forces, amounted to sixty thousand men, furnished with a large train of artillery, but sickness and desertion made him afterwards run into Naples, where he was followed by the king of Sardinia, as far as Rinnini, when he resigned his commission to Count Gages.

Bavaria is mighty in greatness and glory,
 The Sultan's in Europe—who'll credit the story?
 Vienna's proud ramparts his horsemen beleaguer,
 Its empress is tearful,—its foeman is eager.
 Khevenhuller exiled has from Sicily fled;
 Fierce war crush'd his power—his bandits are dead.
 Silesia knows Prussia and Poland's infliction;
 And Leopold! thy race feel the Lord's malediction!

De Montemar proud to the field is advancing
 With lion-like leaders, with long lances glancing,
 With fire and fierce slaughter, with Mars' mighty thunder,
 With war's meetest music, with hosts without number—

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Առա Կէլիդ-հուլեր չառ ըսմար չառ ըրի՛ն
 Is Kheven-huller without power without country
 Այ Տիրիլճե արբեաճ ադ Բիրբեաճ ար և Բիճիդ
 At Sicily sent the destruction on his troops
 Առ Բրսր-րիա արսր Բժլանձ և Բթմրտայ՛ն Տլերիա
 Are Prussians and Poles in the ports (of) Silesia
 Տիդ ըօյճե ըլոճճ ԼեօօլԲ քօյ ըօդ դա մալլաճտ.
 Then for ever(the) race(of) Leopold under mist of malediction.
 Առ Պոնտեմար մծմծա չօ տրեօրմաճ աչ տէարման
 Is Montemar noble actively approaching
 Չօ Լայիբեաճ չօ Լեօմանձա չօ Լօմար Լարբար
 With spears lion like powerfwl glittering
 Լե տէիդի՛ն Լե տօրմեաճ Լե տօրմաճ Լե տրէիդե
 With lightning with thunder with increase with power
 Լե քօյի՛ն Լե ըլօյճի՛ն Լե ըօլտայ՛ն Կաճա
 With nobles with hosts with music (for) battle

Mantua 'zur Milan, 'tá tultē dā bñðñ,
 'zur Turcaniž ađ tultim cum Plib žan
 mōll;
 Azur Capolur cñððā, nīj nōrmar ran Ma-
 pley,
 ba žñjomač a n-žleo-chojc, a ž-cōmajple a
 n-žčar.
 'Ta laojreac na lōčmañ, žo leōman-mjlleac,
 lējreac,
 Žo dīččjollač, doj-bñjyde, a n-dōččar dajñ-
 žean;
 'Sa mññtiji le dōjyre h-žñðbeñ, 'r bñabant,
 'tā cññž aji h-žllōñð, 'r nī leōmajrjo
 pñeabað:
 Žtā re 'nojy ollaiñ ađ nočðā na lañ,
 bejð cārna 'zur cořžajit, 'r cožað 'na
 ž-cjōñ,
 Dā rñne le Seojyre, žan mō-čñjyre a nēñ-
 řeacč,
 Sññ cñjč aji mo řžeołta, 'r bejð an bññ
 aji bñeatañ.

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Mantua azur Milan atā tultē dā bñðñ
 Mantua and Milan are flooded (full) of his troops

Azur Turcanižē ađ tultim cum Plib žan mōll
 And Tuscany falling to Philip without delay

Azur Capolur cñððā nīj nōrmar ran Napley
 And Charles brave king formal in Naples

ba žñjomač a nžleo-chojc a ž-cōmajple a n-žčar
 So active in battle in council of the father

Žtā laojreac na lōčmañ žo leōman-mjlleac lējreac
 Is Louis (of) the torches lion-killing destructive

Žo dīččjollač doj-bñjyde a n-dōččar dajñžjōñ
 Diligently un-broken in hope firm

All Mantua and Milan his mandates obey ;
 And Tuscany crouches to Philip's high sway,
 And Naples hath yielded to Charles the glorious,
 Prince sage in the council—in battle victorious.

The torch-tossing Louis—a lion in danger,
 Sagacious, unshaken, to terror a stranger,
 The fierce Gaul has led to the gates of Hanover ;
 His heel crushes Holland—its glory is over !
 And now, while unsheathing his far-flashing brand,
 Fell carnage, dark demon, starts forth at his hand ;
 And George is the game the wild war-hound's pursuing ;
 There's an end to my theme—to the Saxon red ruin !

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Ազոր և մայրցիլ և ծօլլրե հ-Անօճեր Էսոր Երաբանտ
 And his people at the doors (of) Hanover and Brabant

Աւա Էսոր Էսոր հ-Ալլոն Էսոր ոյ Էսօմայրիծ քրեաճ
 Is yoke on Holland and not attempt starting

Աւա ք Էսոր օլլան Էսոր ուօճա ք Էս
 Is he now ready unsheathing the swords

Էսօճ Էսօմ Էսոր Էսօմ Էսոր Էսօմ Էսօմ Էսօմ
 Will be carnage and cutting and war with them

Էս ք Էս և Տօլլրե Էս ք Էսօմ Էս և Էսօմ Էս
 Dealing with George without weariness together

Տի Էս Էս Էս Էս Էս Էս Էս Էս Էս Էս Էս
 Is end on my tales and will be the sorrow on Britain.

U2IJU.CÚMAD M2I MM2IOJ 2IB2M
2I M2OJ2JŠ 2I CÉJIE, RJŠ SÉ2IRIUS.¹

Seáḡan Cláirach, mō can.

Mj muiḡeapad fēin cia e mo rṑḡi,
beṑḡ iḡrṑn rṡēil 'na ḡēiḡ ḡo leḡi;
ḡuḡḡm cum aon-iḡc ḡē na ḡ-cōmācṡ,
ḡo ḡ-tṡḡead mo laoc ḡan baḡḡal beḡḡ.

O! mo laoc, mo ḡile, m'feari,

O! mo ḡaodā, mo ḡile, m'feari;

2I on t-ṡuan cum fēin, ḡi b-ṡuam-
ear fēin,

O cuaiḡ a ḡcēin mo ḡile, m'feari!

ba meari ḡ fṡil ḡlar iḡḡineac beḡḡ,
2I mḡaiṡ an ḡrūcṡa a ḡ-cuimair an mōr;
'Tā Māir 'r Cūpḡḡ ḡo h-ūmā a ḡ-clōdh,
2I b-peairair an ūi 'r a ḡ-ḡuḡir mo rṑḡi.
O! mo laoc, ḡc.

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Mj muiḡeapad fēin cia hē mo rṑḡi
Not proclaim self who is my dear (treasure)

beṑḡ iḡrṑn rṡēil iḡna ḡēiḡ ḡo leḡi
Will be relating tales after him many

ḡuḡḡm cum aon-iḡc ḡē na ḡ-cōmācṡ
I pray to only Son (of) God (of) the powers

ḡo ḡ-tṡḡead mo laoc ḡan baḡḡal beḡḡ
Doth come my hero without danger alive

¹ I have transcribed this and the following Song from a manuscript collection made by Conor O'Sullivan, a Munster poet, and a cotemporary of Seáḡan Cláirach. The date of the manuscript (which is now in my possession,) is 1754, and it contains many beautiful songs, the joint production of the writer and a brother bard, named Denis O'Sullivan. The present Song is intended as the lamentation of an Albanian lady for her *exiled* spouse, Rjḡ Séairius. It is written to the *air* of the *White Cockade*, and from the high poetic talent of the writer Coḡcúbaṡ ua Súillḡḡaṡn, whose effusions shall see the light in a future number, I consider the version quite correct.—J. DALY.

THE LADY OF ALBANY'S LAMENT FOR KING
CHARLES.

I'll not reveal my true love's name ;
Betimes 'twill swell the voice of fame—
But, O! may heaven, my grief to quell,
Restore the hero safe and well !

My hero brave, *ma ghile, m'fhear*,*
My kindred love, *ma ghile, m'fhear* ;
What wringing woes my bosom knows,
Since cross'd the seas *ma ghile, m'fhear* !

His glancing eyes I may compare
To diamond dew on rose-buds rare—
And love and valour brighten o'er
The features of my bosom's store !
My hero brave, &c.

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

O! mo laoc̃ mo ʒile mo ʒear
Alas! my hero my brightest my spouse (husband)

O! mo ʒaoðal mo ʒile mo ʒear
Alas! my kin my brightest my spouse

ʒon tʒuañ c̃um ʒẽñ ñi bʒuaʒneaf ʒẽñ
One repose to prosperity not I found self

O c̃uaʒð a ʒc̃ẽñ mo ʒile mo ʒear.
Since went afar my brightest my spouse.

b̃a meaf ʒ ʒúʒl ʒlar̃ m̃úʒneac̃ beðð
Was quick his eye blue cheerful alive

ʒũ ʒaʒc̃ ãñ ʒr̃úct̃a a ʒc̃ũmaʒr̃ ãñ ʒoʒ
On colour the dew in edge the rose

ʒtã ʒhaʒr̃ aʒur̃ Cúʒð ʒo h̃úmal̃ a ʒcl̃oðh̃
Are Mars and Cupid pliant in variety

ʒ bʒeafʒaʒñ úr̃ aʒur̃ a ñʒh̃úʒr̃ mo ʒc̃oʒ
In person tender and in countenance my dear

O! mo laoc̃, ʒc̃.
Alas! my hero, &c.

* The English reader will pronounce the Irish here as if written
ma yilli mar.

Մի լաօարժա 'ն շուս՝ չօ րսարս ծամ ծօրն !
 'Տ ոյ ին շուս՝ չաճար և չ-ծօլլեյն շոճոհ,
 Մա մայրօրն տ-րամիած և ո-շլեանդայն շօ ;
 Օ ծ'յմէյն շարհե ան շուս՝ չալլ շօ !

Օ ! մօ լաօճ, յւ.

Իմ ար շարս չաճ շար ծօ 'ն լօ,
 Աշ Իրիւթաճ շոճօճօ 'ր և շօրն ու ո-ծօր !
 Օ ծ'յմէյն շարհ ան շուս՝ չալլ շօ,
 'Տ յաճ րաճամ շօն տարիւր շաճ, մօ Իրօն !
 Օ ! մօ լաօճ, յւ.

Մի'ր շիւղօ Քոօբար րէն մար 'ր շօրն,
 'Տ ար և շօրն-շիւր իւրօ 'տաճաճ-Իրաճ
 Իրօն !
 'Տա րաճ ար րիւր 'ր րիւրիւրն իմօ,
 ր շօլլե և շօն մար ծ'ալօն ան լօճան.
 Օ ! մօ լաօճ, յւ.

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Մի լաօարժա ան շուս՝ չօ րսարս ծամ ծօրն
 Not speak (dumb) the cuckoo with pleasure to me agreeable

Աշար ոյ ին շուս՝ չաճար և չծօլլեյն շոճոհ
 And not melodious howl dogs in woods nits

Մա մայրօրն տրամիած և ոշլեանդայն շօ
 Or morning summer in glens mist

Օ ծօ յմէյն շարիւր ան շուս՝ չալլ շօ
 As did depart from us the boy (youth) lively

Օ ! մօ լաօճ, յւ.
 Alas ! my hero, &c.

Ինչիմ ար շարս չաճ շար ծօ ան լօ
 I do be in trouble each hour of the day

Աշ Իրիւթաճ շոճօճօ աշար աշ շօրն ու ուծօր
 Breaking heart and shedding the tears

No cuckoo's note by fell or flood,
 No hunter's cry through hazel wood,
 Nor mist-wrapt valley yields me joy,
 Since cross'd the seas my royal boy.—

My hero brave, &c.

Oppress'd with grief, I hourly cry,
 With bursting heart and tearful eye—
 Since we did thee, fair youth, resign
 For distant shores, what woes are mine!

My hero brave, &c.

The sun his golden glory shrouds
 In mantle sad of sable clouds;
 The threat'ning sky of grief portends,
 Since through far realms our lion wends!

My hero brave, &c.

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Օ ծօ յմէլէս սալի աղ buacall beo
 As did leave us the boy (youth) lively
 Այսր դսն քստամ աղ տալիւրէս սալէ մօ երօն !
 And not find we one tidings from him my woe!

Օ! մօ Լաօն, յԵ.
 Alas! my hero, &c.

Ոյ աղ իւրէն Քհօեբս քիւն մար աղ շօլի
 Not did arise Phoebus self as is right
 Այսր մար ա շօլի-նիւրիւրիւր մէն շա ծաօլ-երաւ երօն
 And on his gentle skin smooth are sable cloud(of) sorrows

Աւա քաօն մար քիւն այսր քիւնիւնիւն յօր
 Are dim on sky and disaster great
 Բա շօլլե ա շօնիւ մար ծօ շօլիս աղ Լօշան
 Under woods distant as did wander the lion (hero)

Օ! մօ Լաօն, յԵ.
 Alas! my hero, &c.

2^h maricað uafal, uajþreac, ðg,
 Crioðe ʒan ʒruam 'r ruajice rñðð ;
 Crioðajie luamneac, luajc a ngleð,
 2^g tpearʒajit rluaz̃a, 'r aʒ ruaz̃að
 tpeom.

O ! mo laoc, 7c.

ʒr car a cūl, 'r ar cūrrac cōʒi,
 'S ðlaojteac, ðl̃yč, 'r ar būclac, mōʒi ;
 ʒr peucac, ʔioñ, aʒi lōñmað 'n ðʒi,
 O bačar ūʒi ʒo cōm mo rtoʒi.

O ! mo laoc, 7c.

ba cōʒm̃yl ē le h-ʒonʒur ðg,²
 'S le lūʒajð meʒc Cēʒn³ na mbēimʒoñ mōʒi ;

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

2^h maricað uafal uajþreac ðg
 The horseman noble haughty youthful (young)
 Crioðe ʒan ʒruam ar ruajice rñðð
 Heart without surliness and most gentle visage

² ʒonʒur ðg, I cannot find in Keating, or O'Flaherty's Ogyg. vol. 2. the only books of reference as yet in my possession ; I would feel obliged to any of my readers who would furnish his history, as I will have to introduce his name hereafter.

³ Lūʒaðh mac Cēʒn, was twelfth king of Ireland, A.M. 2764. His real name was Lūʒað Lajh-ʔaða, but was called Cēʒn, from his father Cʒan, and succeeded Kuað, who fell in the second battle of ʒaʒ Tūʒi, and reigned forty years. He instituted the Tailtean games, to be celebrated every year on Tailtean mountain in Meath, on the kalends of August, i.e. Lūʒhʒar, or the commemoration of Lūʒað, in honour to Tailtean, the daughter of prince ʒaʒmōʒi, and last queen of the Belgians, or ʒʒi bolʒ ; who, after the battle of ʒaʒ Tūʒi, espoused Eoçað ʒaʒb, the son of Duach, a nobleman of the Danans, who educated Lūʒað until he arrived at the years of maturity. From buað and Neapa, Lughadh's queens, Knockbua, and Neapa, (now Naas,) are called. He died at Caen Oʒuʒm, now Uʒneach, a mountain in Westmeath, A.M. 2804.

That haughty, noble, youthful knight,
Of feature bland—of spirit light—
Strong-handed, swift, in war's wild throng,
To chase to death the brave and strong!

My hero brave, &c.

His wreathed hair, in graceful flow
Of ringlet rare falls full below
His manly waist, in yellow fold,
Like silken threads of curling gold!

My hero brave, &c.

Like Aongus Oge he bears command,
Or Louis of the trenchant brand,

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Спóбaйне лaдaмнeдa лaдaтe a н-злeó
Strong-handed nimble-footed swift in battle
Aз тнeдaрзaйнeтe pлaдзa aзyр aз пaдзaд тнeoпн
Slaying hosts and chasing mighty ones
O! мo лaoc, гc.
Alas! my hero, &c.

Гp caр a cúl aзyр ap cýpдaс cóпн
Twisted his head (hair) and in tresses justly
Aзyр длaoптeдaс длúтe aзyр ap búclac мóп
And (in) locks close and in curls great
Aзyр пeуcaс pпoп aпн лoппaд aп oпн
And gaudy fair on tinge the gold
O бaтaр úп зo cóm мo pтoпн
From crown (head) tender to waist my dear
O! мo лaoc, гc.
Alas! my dear, &c.

бa oopнúл e le h-Aongyр oз
Was like he to Aongus young (youthful)
Aзyр le Lúзaпd мeпc Céпн нa мбéпнпoп мóп
And to Lughaidh son (of) Cein (of) the cutting great

le Coñmaoi árd meic Dáire⁴ an óir,
 Taoireac éirioñ, treun air éoir.
 O! mo laoc, &c.

le Conall Ceárnach⁵ do beárnad póit,
 le Feargus riuntaic rion meic Róigh;⁶
 le Coñcúbair cárd meic Meara⁷ na nór,
 Taoireac doibhinn émaoibe an ceoil.
 O! mo laoc, &c.

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

le Coñmaoi árd meic Dáire an óir
 To Curigh high son (of) Dary (of) the gold
 Taoireac éirioñ treun air éoir
 Chieftain (of) Eirinn valiant in pursuit
 O! mo laoc, &c.
 Alas! my hero, &c.

le Conall Ceárnac do beárnad póit
 With Conall Cearnach did breach port

⁴ Coñmaoi, or Curígh mac Dáire, whose province extended from Bealaic Conzlaif near Cork, and westward from Limerick to the western shore of Ireland. He was treacherously slain, through the intrigues of blaēhaid, a lady of exquisite beauty, by Cú-cullaigh; but, Fearceiucne, Curigh's bard, followed blaēhaid and Cúcullaigh into Ulster, in hopes of being able to kill her in revenge of Curigh; and on his arrival found Conor, Cuchullain and Blahnaid, with their attendants, at the promontory of Ceadh beairt, standing on the edge of a steep rock, ran towards her, and, clasping her in his arms, threw himself headlong with her down the precipice, and were dashed to pieces. VIDE KEATING'S IRELAND, VOL. I. P. 405, HALIDAY'S TRANSLATION, where the direful tale is fully related.

⁵ Conall Ceárnach, was lord of a district in Ulster, and cousin-german of the children of Uirneach, in whose behalf he fought against Coñcúbair, king of Ulster, where he slew Jollan Fion. The reader will find a full account of him in his Deairt Ruaēar, an ancient historical tale, which is in the hands of many Irish Scholars.

Or Daire's son, the great Conroy,—
 Brave Irish chiefs, my royal boy !
 My hero brave, &c.

Or Conall, who strong ramparts won,
 Or Fergus, regal Rogia's son,
 Or Conor, Ullad's glorious king,
 Whom harp-strings praise and poets sing —
 My hero brave, &c.

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Le Feargus fionntac fionn meic Róíḡh
 To Feargus worthy fair son (of) Rogia
 Le Concúbair cáid meic Neasa na nór
 To Conor noble son (of) Neasa the customs
 Taoireac doibhí Ćmaoibe an ceoil.
 Chieftain gentle Branch the melodious.

O! mo laoc, 7c.
 Alas! my hero, &c.

⁶ Feargus mac Róíḡh, king of Ulster, A.M. 3934. He was surnamed Róíḡh, from his mother Rogia, daughter of Eocad Ālmeah, then monarch of Ireland. Being dethroned and expelled Ulster, he took refuge in Connaught under Oíllollá and Weíðbe, where their royal residence at that time stood. He was a person of consummate courage, and had exerted himself often with applause in single combat and in the field of battle, and brought away many rich spoils from Ulster; and ravaged and sacked that country, and overrun the province with fire and sword. He afterwards met an untimely death at the hands of Oílloll, through a fit of jealousy, in consequence of Weíðbe taking a swimming excursion with him.
 —KEATING.

⁷ Concúbair mac Neasa, surnamed Neasa, from his mother Neasa, the daughter of Eocad Sýlbuíðe, son to Fáctha, king of Ulster and Ireland, after the deposition of Feargus mac Róíḡh, ruled the sceptre of Ulster, A.M. 3937, sixty years, and died a natural death in the forty-eighth year of Christ.—O'FLAHERTY'S OGYG. PART 3, c. XLVIII. p. 163.

Seihteap fgaiffit aip cláirficc ceoil,
 'S glaoðtap tálhte cáipit aip bóird;
 Ljontap ruar zac cuac do'n beoir,⁸
 Sláinte uaim don buacail beo!

O! mo laoc, mo gile, m'fear,
 O! mo gaodal, mo gile, m'fear;
 Mo cnuadthan fém! mo luaithe leim!
 Mar cuaid a gcéim mo gile, m'fear!

~~~~~

FREIZGROD UR UM MMUOI UBUM-  
 UICC.

Seágan Claiach, iú éan.

U Rjógan uarail fuairic 'r a rðoi,  
 Do éaoi 'r do buairic 'r tmuad, 'r ar bñon;  
 Gñom go cnuaid cum Uan na g-cómaet,  
 Fá éjgeacð aip cuaid do 'd buacail beo.

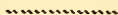
INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Seihteap fgaiffit aip cláirficc ceoil  
 Strike up (a) burst on harp melodious  
 Ugar glaoðtap tálhte cáipit aip bóird  
 And let call many quarts on board (table)  
 Ljontap ruar zac cuac do an beoir  
 Let fill up each goblet of the beer  
 Sláinte uaim do'n buacail beo.  
 Health from me to the boy (youth) lively

<sup>8</sup> Beoir. This word, which is rendered "beer," in the interlinear translation, is used by our native poets to express any highly delicious liquor, in the same manner as the writers of Greece and Rome used the term, nectar. The *Beoir* was made from mountain heath; and the sole secret of preparing the delicious beverage, known only to the Danes, who, tradition asserts, divided the heathy tracts between them, for that purpose, in preference to the arable lands. Tradition further has it, that sooner than disclose the secret of its manufacture, the two last surviving Danes, father and son, suffered death at the hands of the native Irish.

Wake, wake, the wild-harp's wildest sound,  
 Send sparkling flagons flowing round—  
 Fill high the wine-cups' tide of joy,—  
 This health to thee, my royal boy!

My hero brave, *ma ghile, m'fhear*,  
 My kindred love, *ma ghile, m'fhear*;  
 What wringing woes my bosom knows,  
 Since cross'd the seas *ma ghile, m'fhear*!



# REPLY TO THE LADY OF ALBANY'S LAMENT.

O royal maid, my bosom's gold!  
 None can unmoved thy griefs behold—  
 And O! may heaven's supreme decree  
 Restore the youth to love and thee!



## INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

O! mo laoc mo žile mo fear  
 Alas! my hero my bright my spouse  
 O! mo žaodál mo žile mo fear  
 Alas! my kin my bright my spouse  
 Mo cnuadcan féin! mo luaithe léin!  
 My affliction self! my dust (eternal) doom (woe)  
 Nar cuaid a žcêin mo žile mo fear.  
 As went far away my bright my spouse.



A Ríogáin uaraíl fuaime a žur a rói  
 O Queen noble gentle and my dear  
 Do éaoi a žur do buaite ar triad a žur ar brón  
 Thy lament and thy affliction is disastrous and is mournful  
 Žuđim žo cnuaid cum uan na ž-cómaēt  
 I pray fervently to (the) lamb (of) the powers  
 Fa éžeadó a žu cuaid do ad buacail beo  
 For to come on (a) visit to thy youth alive

Do deoſſi an aon-mhe tlocfadh tar air,  
 Do treoraic, treunmair, tultce do neart;  
 Do rluaiſgeac, reunmair, fuadriac, faob-  
 riac,  
 Do cuantairb eilge, 'r Inir Airt.

Le roſceam na ruaſa do ſluairleadh an leoſan,  
 'S a trimhſa h-uair read buairde a ngleo;  
 beid rſaoile 'r ruaſad uair do deo,  
 Aſſi bſidh an uabair ar tuairt LUIRC fſor?  
 M' l oig-kear fſeim do'n fſuirean ceart,  
 D'-fſeil eolſan 'r eibſi oilte, 'r Aſſit;  
 Mac ſluairſid fſeim ſan fuarad a ſcein,  
 Fa tuairm e do cſi 'na ceart.

beid an raolſal ruairneac, rſodac, roſac,  
 ſan pler, ſan buairt, ſan bſiſgean, ſan  
 bſidh?

beid an rſeiri ſan duairtan rſim air neoiſ,  
 ſan fſiud, ſan fuact, ſan teimſol, ſan ceo?

#### INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Do deoſſi an aon-mhe tlocfadh tar air  
 By (the) will (of) the only son he will return  
 Do treoraic treunmair tultce do neart  
 Actively powerful full of strength  
 Do rluaiſgeac reunmair fuadriac faobriac  
 With legions propitious diligent fierce  
 Do cuantairb eilge aſſur Inir Aſſit.  
 To (the) havens (of) Failge and Isle (of) Art.

Le roſceam na ruaſa do ſluairleadh an leoſan  
 With comeliness the learned will proceed the lion (hero)  
 Aſſur an trimhſa h-uair read buairde a ngleo  
 And the third hour (time) will conquer in battle  
 beid rſaoile aſſur ruaſad uair do deo  
 Will be separation and banishment from us for ever  
 Aſſi bſidh an uabair ar tuairt Luirc fſor  
 On tribe (of) the pride from territory (of) Luirc yet

From realms afar I see him come,  
 With might to right his injured home,  
 To hush thy wail, to cheer the Gael,  
 And sweep the foe o'er ocean's foam.

Unfoil'd in skill, unmatch'd in might,  
 He'll conquer thrice the foe in fight;  
 And tyrants proud who swore us slaves,  
 By Tuaith Luirc's shore, shall find their graves!  
 Each warrior brave, of ancient line,  
 Where Eogan, Airt, and Heber shine,  
 Would dare oppose a host of foes,  
 To gain his monarch's right divine.

Then gentle reason's tranquil reign  
 Would bless the earth with peace again;  
 And winter time and summer day  
 Would prove propitious like his sway.\*

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INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Ní bfuil óig-éar réim do an fúineadh éar  
 Not is young man mild of the tribe just  
 Do fúil Eoghán agus Éibhir oile agus Art  
 Of blood Eoghan and Heber dreaded and Art  
 Nac gluaireas féin gan fuaradh a gcéin  
 But will proceed self without cessation afar  
 Fia tuairim é do cuil iona éar.  
 In expectation him to place in his right.

beis an raozal ruaimheac ríodac ríodac  
 Will be the world tranquil peaceable prosperous  
 Gan pléis gan buairt gan bruijean gan bríon  
 Without spite without affliction without quarrelling without grief  
 beis an rpéir gan duartan ruim airm heoir  
 Will be the firmament without darkness much at noon  
 Gan fhaoc gan fuact gan teimíol gan céo  
 Without rage without cold without eclipse without mist

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\* The old historians always observe that God blesses the reign of good princes by a succession of peaceful and abundant seasons. VIDE Teagarz Flaia. Tadz Whac Dairre, Whac Bruadeada, nó can.



With royal crown for monarch meet  
 Shall Erin's sons great Charles greet ;  
 Each sturdy clown, by Jove, shall drown ;  
 We'll make a sack his winding sheet !

And Rome shall hold her ancient reign,  
 Her laws and lore shall aye remain,  
 And abject George return with shame,  
 The starveling boor that first he came !

The priest that hides by cave and fen,  
 Shall raise his honour'd head again—  
 And to the skies shall hymns arise  
 From harp, and choir, and minstrel-men !

*The Summing-up.*

May heaven, in mercy to its suppliant's call,  
 The gourmands quell who hold the Gael in thrall,  
 Crush, through the western isle, their ruffian sway,  
 And sweep afar the demon brood for aye !

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

beib̃ r̃zōp̃ ãz clēiū ña c̃ruis̃h̃e ãzur̃ m̃eac̃b̃  
 Will be scope to clergy the globe and power

ãzur̃ ñj̃ leom̃ãf̃ãb̃ aoñ ioña z̃cois̃h̃e t̃eac̃b̃  
 And not dare any against them come

beib̃ duaĩr̃ z̃ac̃ laẽ d̃a luas̃ d̃o añ ēĩz̃re  
 Will be prize each day adjudged to the sages

ãc̃ duaĩñ ãzur̃ d̃m̃eac̃ōt̃ d̃o f̃ẽĩñĩñ f̃eal̃  
 But poetry and verse to sing awhile

Ah Ceanñgal.  
 The Summing-up.

ãĩt̃c̃ĩm̃ ãĩĩ ōĩa ĩãm̃ĩãĩm̃ ãzur̃ z̃ũĩd̃ĩm̃ z̃o c̃ruaĩb̃  
 I beseech of God I ask and I pray very hard (fervently)

ña f̃am̃aĩcc̃ d̃o p̃iañ r̃ial̃-t̃m̃eac̃b̃ ña ñz̃aoĩd̃ẽĩl̃  
 The gluttons that pained (the) generous tribe (of) the Gael

ã ñz̃uaĩr̃  
 in jeopardy

ōo c̃ãĩt̃ĩom̃ ãr̃ ĩac̃-ĩãr̃t̃ãr̃ f̃ã d̃aoĩĩr̃e c̃ruaĩb̃  
 To cast from isle of the west under bondage hard

ãzur̃ ãĩc̃mẽ ña ñd̃ĩab̃al̃ ñĩãf̃ac̃ōd̃ã d̃ĩb̃ĩr̃t̃ ũãĩh̃.  
 And (the) sect (of) the devils foreign (to) banish from us.

## EÓŽAN RUAD UA SÚILLIOBÁIN.

OWEN O'SULLIVAN, a Munster poet of the last century, surnamed the *Red*, from the colour of his hair, was a native of *Slíab Luachra*, a wild mountain district, situated east and north-east of the town of Killarney in the county of Kerry. He flourished in the latter part of the last century. The lot of *Eóžan Ruad*, as he was commonly called, was cast upon evil days, and in an ungenial clime; for, had he belonged to any other country, or creed, or party, than that to which through a life, in other respects wild and irregular, he had invariably adhered, his rare natural endowments—his fervid poetic genius—his acquirements in the highest walks of classic literature, would have procured him notice, and patronage, and fame. The light of a patron's smile never cheered the obscurity of the village bard; but *Eóžan Ruad* had his fame—his pastoral ballad of rural love, yet lives by the streams of the South, at the cottager's hearth, and in the milking bawn of the hamlet, and will live, till tenderness and feeling become aliens to the artless heart of the village maiden. His powerful satires, rife with scathing denunciation, and severe personal invective—his bold enmity to the Saxon—his longings for the restoration of the exiled Stuart—his love songs descriptive of his own irregular amours—these varied compositions, preserved in the native tongue, have cheered the hospitable fireside of the cottier in many a district of Cork, Kerry, and Limerick, where his memory survives, his poems are recited, and the brilliant effusions of his happy wit, shine familiar as household words.

There are, doubtless, many of my readers who now hear of *Eóžan Ruad ua SúillioBáin* for the first time. To them, perhaps, it will be necessary to say, that *Eóžan Ruad* was to Ireland what Robert Burns, at a somewhat later day, was to Scotland, the glory and the shame of his native land. I know no two characters in my range of observation, that so closely resemble each other as Burns and *Eóžan Ruad*—the same poetical temperament—the same desire of notoriety—the same ardent sighings for woman's love—the same embracing friendship for the human family—and the same fatal yearnings after "cheerful tankards foaming," alike distinguished the heaven-taught minstrels. Like Burns, *Eóžan Ruad* first tuned his reed to the charms of nature, and the joys of woman's love—like Burns, the irregularity of his life obliged the clergymen of his persuasion to denounce him; and, like him,



he lashed the priestly order without ruth or remorse\*—like Burns, he tried the pathetic, the sublime, the humorous—and, like him succeeded in all. Nor does the parallel end here; they were both born in an humble cottage; both toiled through life at the spade and plough; and both fell, in the bloom of manhood, in the pride of intellect, the victims of uncontrolled passion.

Owen Roe O'Sullivan, like hundreds of his countrymen, followed the occupation of an itinerant potato-digger, and made periodical excursions into the counties of Limerick and Tipperary, in pursuit of this servile occupation. On one of these occasions, happening to receive employment at the house of a farmer in the neighbourhood of Charleville, he was brought into notice by his explanation of a sentence in some Greek author, which had caused much dispute between his employer's son, fresh from a French college, and the old priest of the parish. Owen remained here for some time as a teacher of Greek and Latin, and received high applause in that capacity, till his evil destiny drove him in the way of Mary Casey, a village beauty. The enamoured poet lost all relish for the teaching of dead languages in contemplation of the living charms of his mistress. The school was given up, and Owen's licentiousness denounced from the altar. But Mary lives immortal in the well-known English song (though that tongue was the least of his acquirements,) called "Molly Casey's charms."

It is recorded that *Եօջան Ռսած* committed his first sin of rhyme, while a bare-shinned stripling, at the school of one of these hunted men, whom the severity of the penal code drove for shelter to the fastnesses of Kerry, to teach Greek to cow-boys. Owen was *mitching* all day, and, as he entered the hedge-seminary long after the prescribed time, the master was about to proceed with the process of "*hoisting*" Owen, when the truant begged and obtained one hour to render an account of the peccadilloes of the day,—it was then that the embryo poet produced a lyric in a fanciful dialogue between two married ladies, in which each is made to detail, with much dramatic effect, the failings of her spouse, and the various evils to which matrimony links the wife, who would fain move with her yoke-fellow in freer harness:

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\* Upon one occasion, Owen Roe's conduct had supplied the pastor of a rural congregation with materials for a lengthened invective against viciousness in general, and the unfortunate rhymers' frailties in particular. At the close of his pious discourse, the worthy priest enquired in the native tongue if *Եօջան Ռսած* were present.—*Ատալիմ*, replied the irritable son of genius, goaded by the clergyman's *exposé*, to all forgetfulness of the occasion and the time, *Ատա Եօջան Ռսած ահրա, ճշար ղար թեյւոծ տրս աղ ծաւածօլի ?* "Yes, Owen, *the Red*, is here, and may you never behold his dyer!"

Owen Roe taught school at Annagh near Charleville ; while engaged there he wrote satirical songs in ridicule of the Irish volunteers, and lashed, with fearful severity, some village rhymers who attempted to break a lance with him. He died of a relapse of fever at Knocknagree, in his native district, and was buried at Noboval. I have no means at present of ascertaining the period of his death, but I believe it was about the year 1784.

It was at Annagh, probably, that Owen Roe wrote the following beautiful lines addressed to the parish priest, requesting his Reverence to announce from the altar the poet's intention of opening school in the neighbouring townland. The Irish reader will perceive that in these stanzas the translator has not allowed the spirit of the poet to evaporate.

Ա Տաշարտ ծիլ չայծ, րա Բրաճարի Խել 'ր Ալիւ,  
Եւ չարսիւս Ե-րան ծոյ ծարի, 'ր ըլլի, Ե Շ-ճարտ ;  
Ա Շ-ճաճա ոյոյն յանալծ, Ե Ե-Եարիւն Եոճալ Ե Ե-Եր, Ե  
Ալիւր Եո չաճ Շո Ե-Եարիւն մէ 'Ե Եարշ.

Շիւմ Եաշարշ Շաճ Եար, Ե Եարժե րիւն Ե րեւ,  
Ե Եարիւն Եո Ե' Երա, րա Ե-Եարալ Ե Եոճալ Շե րԵար ;  
Տար Շլաբարիւն յանալ Շե, Ե' Երալծ Եիւն 'ր Եաճ, Ե  
Ա Ե-Եարալ Ե Եալ, 'Ե Ե-Եարեալ Շաճալ չար Եար.

Տարի Ե Ե-Եարաճոն չալմա, չիճճա, չաոյն,  
'Տ Եաճա Ե Ե-Եաճա Ե Եաճաճ Ե Ե-Եարալ Շաոլճել ;  
Ա Ե-Եաճա Շար Երիւ Շ Շալլալ Ե Եիւրեար ճլիճե,  
Եո չար րեալծ չիւմ Եաշարշ Շո Շլարի Ե Եոլմալ րի ?

Ա Տաշարտ Շար Եարշ 'ր չեալ Ե Եարի-Եիւրեալ,  
Տար Շարճա Շլար Եաճալ Ե Եալ Շաճ Եոլ Ելիճեար ;  
Ալիւր մո չալ, Ե' ր չեալ Ելլ Երիւն չլիւր Ե,  
Շո Ե-Եաշարշալմ չալ Շաճ Երեար Ե Ե-Եիւ-ճիւրի ?

Pure learned priest ! akin to Neill and Art,  
Whose power protective cheer'd the poet's heart,  
The first in danger's van—(so bards have sung them,)  
Pray tell thy flock a teacher's come among them.

Well-skill'd in ancient Greek and Roman lore,  
Fame-laden lays since Erin's days of yore,  
And eke the foeman's tongue, upborne by Law,  
Whose phrase uncouth distorts the Gaelic jaw.



# DJOCTIÆJTRJUĞXO ƧXII.

EOĞAN RUAD UA SÚILLIOBÁIN, MÓ ÉAN.

FONN—"STÁCA AN MARIĞAD"

AG TAIPTIOL NA BLÁINNE, LÁ 'Y ME AG MACŢHAN,  
 AIN AR NA B-KEAPACON, FÁILTEAC, FÁIRIING;

DO PÓR TPEON,<sup>1</sup> BA ÉALMA N-ĞLEÓ!

MAR NEADAIĞ AN T-ÁL YO ÉÁINRÓ O SHAGRANA,  
 A RTÁIT 'Y A B-KEAPANTAY FÁILBE, 'Y A MEI-  
 ĞIN;

EOĞAN MÓRI, 'Y ÉAIRIBIE 'N T-PLÓĞ!

MA FLAÉA BA ĞNÁÉAC TÁITAC, TPEARAINA,  
 TÁ Ğ-CAPTA, DÁ Ğ-CÁINA, 'Y DÁ Ğ-CÁIBLE AG  
 FANATICY;

AN TÁIN NOÉ D'AIĞ, FAD ĞMÁIN, 'Y EAYĞAINE,  
 ĞMÁYĞAIRI ÉALĞAIG, MÁITAIN MALLAĞTE,  
 AN ÉPÓN ÉÓIR, ÉUG MAYLA DÓN ÓIR!

## INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

AG TAIPTIOL NA BLÁINNE      LA AGUR ME AG MACŢHAN  
 Wandering by Blarney (one) day and I in deliberation  
 AIN AR NA B-KEAPACON FÁILTEAC FÁIRIING  
 On destruction of the heroes generous open-hearted

<sup>1</sup> TAILC MAC TPEON, the celebrated hero who pursued NIAIN-NUAD-ĈROÉAC into Ireland, and gave battle to FION MAC CÚMÁIL, and the Irish heroes, under whose protection NIAIN placed herself. In this engagement TAILC slew the most renowned of the *Fenians*, but was afterwards slain by ORĞUR in single combat, after five days' and five nights' severe fight, as may be seen by the following stanza:—

FÉAD ÉUĞ N-ÓPÓÉ, FÉAD ÉUĞ LÁ,  
 BÍ AN DÍR NÁR ÉLÁIT AG ĞLEIC,  
 AIN DÍÉ BÍD, 'Y AR BEAGÁN RUAIN,  
 ĞUR ÉUIT TAILC LE BUAD MO MEIC.

For five long days and tedious nights,  
 Both heroes contest dire maintain'd,—  
 Their weary limbs not eas'd by rest,  
 Or fainting frames by food sustain'd.

*Transactions of the Gaelic Society, Dub. 1808.*

## EXPULSION OF THE SAXON.

*Air—"Staca an Varaga."*

By Blarney's towers I paus'd to ponder,  
 What deep dark curse our land lies under,  
     Chain'd 'neath the foreigner foe—  
 The homeless horde whose guileful knavery  
 Coil'd the festering links of slavery  
     Round hearts where pure pulses flow  
 From sires, whose sons are crouching slaves,  
 Or wanderers wild, or outlaws gory—  
 Mail-clad sires whose green flag waves  
 O'er blood-red fields of ancient story,  
     Where prone groan their offspring of woe!

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## INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Ծօ քօր Շրօյն Բա ձալմա ոչլեօ  
 Of the tribe (of) *Treoin* (who) was valiant (in) battle  
 Պար նեծայլ աղ տալ րօ ձայնիծ օ Տաջրաճ  
 As nestled the brood this came from Saxony  
 Արժայտ աջսր և Բրօթադադար Քալլե աջսր Ամերջին  
 In states and in inheritances (of) *Failbhe* and *Amergin*  
 Եօջայն Պօյր աջսր Ըայրբրե աղ տ-րլօջ  
*Eoghan Mor* and *Cairbre* of the hosts  
 Ու քաճա Բա յնաճաճ տարճաճ շրօթադալ  
 The nobles constantly girded (for) battle  
 Ծա շարտա Ծա շարտա աջսր Ծա շարտա աջ քադադար  
 Pitch-forked preyed upon and fettered by fanatics  
 Աղ տայն ուօճ Ծօ ալիլ քաօլ յնայն աջսր Եարջայն  
 The plunderers that matured under hatred and anathemas  
 Յարջայր ձեալայլ Պարտայն իմալլալճե  
 Mobs treacherous *Martin* accursed  
 Աղ ձրօն ձօյր ձուջ մարլա Ծօ աղ օրծ.  
 The swarthy tribe gave disgrace to the order (creed.)

Do cāiējorāð rþār zo cārīmar, cāiējotāc,  
 ʒan āiþo, ʒan aitear, zo cīāiðte, ceapīaiḡ-  
 ēeac;

ƿā bīoñ mōþ, aḡ ƿeariāð mo ðeoþ!  
 ʒur ðearīcara lāiñ liom bāñ-čnejr, bāñamīl,  
 māñlāð, māiƿeamīul, ḡiāðīmar, ḡeanamīl;

Rō mōðamīl, ba cāiēñjomāc clōð!  
 ba cābaprac, cāblaç, ƿāiḡzeac, ƿada-ṭiub,  
 aḡ ƿeacað 'r a ƿār zo ƿāil, aīi baiile-čīiṭ;  
 a blāiṭ-foiṭ baçalac, rḡaiñēac, cīaiṭ-ṭjona,  
 tāclac, rīnamāðtāc, bāi-čar, ðaiṭe, lēi;  
 aīi clō 'n ðīi, ʒan rḡamal, ʒan cēð!

Do bīð ðealīað na m-blāiṭ le rḡaiṭ ba ðearḡ,  
 ʒan ṭlār 'na leacain, ba bīeāḡtāð laṭa;  
 'S a mōþ-beol ʒan māḡað, ʒan mōþo!  
 'S a mala ʒan cāiñ aīi a ƿāiñ-ðearīc, aībiḡ,  
 O'ƿāḡ tāiñac le ðearīṭaiḡ, na tāiñte ƿeabac;  
 Zo mō-mōþ, do ḡīeanaiḡ a clōð!

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Do cāiējorāð rþār zo cārīmar cāiējotāc  
 I spent space in difficulty fretful

ʒan āiþo ʒan aitear zo cīāiðte ceapīaiḡtēac  
 Without happiness without joy tormented afflicted

ƿā bīoñ mōþ aḡ ƿeariāð mo ðeoþ  
 Under sorrow great shedding my tears

ʒur ðearīcara lāiñ liom bāñ-čnejr bāñamīl  
 Till I beheld nigh me bright-skin modest

māñlāð māiƿeamīl ḡiāðīmar ḡeanamīl  
 Comely elegant lovely amiable

Rō mōðamīl ba cāiēñjomāc clōð  
 Very modest most acceptable features

ba cābaprac cāblaç ƿāiḡzeac ƿada ṭiub  
 United (in) wreaths ringlets long thick (heavy)

aḡ ƿeacað aḡur aḡ ƿār zo ƿāil aīi baiile-čīiṭ  
 Turning and growing to heel trembling

a blāiṭ-foiṭ baçalac rḡaiñēac cīaiṭ-ṭjonaç  
 Her blooming locks curling splitting spreading-fair

Lonely and long that hour of weeping,  
 Hopeless, joyless, tearful—steeping  
     In salt streams mine eyelids of care—  
 While thoughts came dark and dismal o'er me,  
 A form of beauty stood before me,  
     White bosom'd, heavenly fair !  
 Her thick, luxuriant ringlets fell,  
 Or stream'd, the soft-wing'd zephyr gracing,  
 Or cluster'd o'er her paps' round swell,  
 Like sun-wreaths hills of snow enchasing,  
     Light, bright, and beautiful there !

Lily and rose, with rival power,  
 To grace her cheek, bestow'd their dower,  
     Her vermiel, vowless lip to behold,  
 And pale, pure brow, and ripe eyes' splendor,  
 Did love-lorn heroes hopeless render,  
     Slaves chained by tresses of gold—

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INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Զաւլաճ րհամածճաճ Բար-ճար ծալտե լէլ  
 Woven knotted top-twisted tinted (by) her  
 Այլ լոճ աղ ծղլ չաղ րչամալ չաղ լեօ.  
 Of tinge of gold without cloud without mist.

Օօ Ելծ ծղլրած դա մԲալտե լե րչալ Բա ծեարչ  
 There was refulgence (of) the flowers with hue like crimson  
 Չաղ շլար յոնա լեաճաղ Բա Երեաճճաճ լարա  
 Without weakness in her cheek most alluring light  
 Աչար ա րծր-Եեօլ չաղ ինչաճ չաղ մօլծ  
 And her rosy lips without mockery without vow (guile)  
 Աչար ա մալա չաղ լճալմ ալլ ա րալմ-ԾեարԵ ալԲլճ  
 And her brow without stain on her pleasant eye full grown  
 Օօ րճճ շալմաճ լե ԾեարԵալԵ դա շալտե րեաճաճ  
 That left motionless with darts the hosts (of) heroes  
 Յօ յօ-մօլմ Ծօ ճրեադալճ ա լոճ  
 That too high did admire her shape



Խալ Եալա ալլ ալ Ծ-ԺԱՅ, Ե ԲԻԱՅԱԾ 'Ի Ե  
 Շալա-ՇԻՄԻՇ,  
 'Տ Ե մալա Ժար ԶԻԾ, ոժ Ծ'ԲԱՐ ալլ ԻեաՆԶ-  
 Շօր;  
 ԲԱՆ-ՇԻՈՅԵ ԼԵԱԲԱԻԵ, Ծ'ԲԱՅԲԱԾ ԺԱԽԱԻՆՅԵ,  
 ԲԱԾ 'Ի ԲԱՐԿԱՆԱԾ, ՇԱՅԱԾ 'Ի ՇԵՐԿԱ-ԲԻԱՅԻՇ,  
 'Տ շլեո Ժրեօլլ, ալլ ԼԵԱՇԱՆ-ԲԻԱՅԻ ԻԲՈՅԼԼ!

ԲԱ ՇԱՐԾԱ, ԲԱ ՇԱԾ, ԲԱ ԻԱՄ ԾՈ ՇԱՆԱԾ,  
 ՇՈ ՔԻԱՐ Ե Բ-ՔԻԱԺԱՆ ՆԱ Ն-ԾԱՄ, ՇԱՆ ԵԱՐԲԱԾ;  
 'Տ ԲԱ ԻԱՅԱՇԱՇ, ԻՇՅԱՄԻԼ, Ե ԼԱԲԱՐԵԱ ԲԵՈՅԼ!  
 Օ ԲԱՇԱՐ ՇՈ ԺԱՅ, ՆՐԼ ՇԱՄ ՆԱ ԱՄՄԻ,  
 ԼԵ ԲԱՅԱԼ ՆԱ ՔԵՐԻՐԱՆ-ՇԻՐ, ԱԼՆ, ՇԻԵԱՆԺԱԾ;  
 ՇԻՐ ՇԵՐ ալլ ՇԼՈՇ ՆԱ ՄԱՐՇԱԼԱՇ ՈՇ!  
 ԾՈ ԲԵԱՆԱԾ ՇՈ ԼԱԻՇ-ԺԱՐ, ՇԱՐԵԱՇ, ՇԵԱՆԱՄԻԼ,  
 ՇԱՆ ԺԵԱՆԶԱԾ ԾՈ Բ'ԱՐԱԾ Ե Շ-ԼԱՐԱՅԵ ԲԱՆԱԲԱԾ;  
 ԼԵ ՇԻԱԾ ԾՈՆ ԱՇԵԱՐՇ ԻՄ, ԼԱԻՇԵԱՇ ՔԻԵԱԲԱՄ,  
 ԲԻՐ ԲԱԻՇ Ե Խ-ԱՐԺԻ, ԾՈՆ ԲԱՆ-ՇՆԵՐ ԱՅՄ;  
 ՇԱՆ ՄՈՐ-ԻԼՈՇ ալլ ԵԱՇԱՅԵ ՆԱ ՇՈՐ?

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 INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Խալ Եալա ալլ ալ ԾԺԱՅ Ե ԲԻԱՅԱԾ ԶՅՐ Ե ՇԵԱԼԱ-ՇԻՄԻՇ  
 Like a Swan on the beach her neck and her bright form  
 ԶՅՐ Ե մալա Ժար ԶԻԾ ոժ ԾՈ ԲԱՐ ալլ ԻԵԱՆԶ-ՇՈՐ  
 And her breasts neat high that grew on slender body  
 ԲԱՆ-ՇԻՈՅԵ ԼԵԱԲԱԻԵ ԾՈ ԲԱՅԲԱԾ ԺԱԽԱԻՆՅԵ  
 Fair fingers slender that left drawn (painted)  
 ԲԱԾ ԶՅՐ ԲԱՐԿԱՆԱԾ ՇԱՅԱԾ ԶՅՐ ՇԵՐԿԱ-ԲԻԱՅԻՇ  
 Boats and barks daws and grouse  
 ԶՅՐ շլեո Ժրեօլլ ալլ ԼԵԱՇԱՆ-ԲԻԱՅԻ ԻԲՈՅԼԼ  
 And battles (of) Treoin on broad sheets (of) silk.

ԲԱ ՇԱՐԾԱ ԲԱ ՇԱԾ ԲԱ ԻԱՄ ԾՈ ՇԱՆԱԾ  
 Skilful chaste pleasant did sing  
 ՇՈ ՔԻԱՐ Ե ԲՔԻԱԺԱՆ ՆԱ ՆԾԱՄ ՇԱՆ ԵԱՐԲԱԾ  
 Lively in the language of the bards without defect  
 ԶՅՐ ԲԱ ԻԱՅԱՇԱՇ ԻՇՅԱՄԻԼ Ե ԼԱԲԱՐԵԱ ԲԵՈՅԼ  
 And mild cheerful the words of her mouth (lips)



She's fair as swan by broad, blue lake,  
 Like snow-hills rise her bosom's heaving;  
 Her hand can heavenly music wake,  
 Or draw bright scenes in silken weaving,  
     Of sea, shore, or battle-field old.

Modest and mild, her words when spoken,  
 Seem ancient strains that bards have woken,  
     Strains that grace her soft liquid lips;—  
 Faultless and fair, in beauty shining,  
 Her magic power left maidens pining,  
     Griev'd deep at their beauty's eclipse!  
 Low-bending towards the form of light,  
 In Gaelic old, she lov'd the dearest,  
 I said, "Fair spirit, whence thy flight,  
 From friends that love to foes thou fearest,  
     Aidless far from soldiers or ships?"

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INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Օ ծագար չօ շուրջ ոյ ԲԲՐԻԼ շալմ յօնա ճիւղի  
 From head to foot not fault or blemish  
 Լե քաջալ յօնա քարքարի-ճիւղ ալիւ շքեանած  
 To be found in her person fair handsome neat (sparkling)  
 Շրլլ քօ ճիւ լծօ նա մարջալաճ օշ  
 Sent mist on the shape of the damsels young  
 Օօ Բեանալծ չօ լալիժ-շալլ շալլեաճ շեանալ  
 Did salute timorous soft smilingly gracefully  
 Տաճ շեանշաճ ծօ Բա արթաճ ա շլալալի ԲանաԲաճ  
 In the tongue most ancient on the face of *Banba*  
 Լե շիւած ծօն ալիշարԷ ըն լալիշեաճ քրեաԲալմ  
 For love to advice that presently I start  
 Գլօր քալի ա հալլալլ ծօն Բան-ճիւղ ալլիմ  
 Knowledge reason her journey of the white skin I ask  
 Շան մօր-լծօ ճիւ Էաճալի յօնա շօր  
 Without immense hosts on steeds in her corps

Mar mearaim a báb, 'r a bláir na m-barraíon.  
'S áilne peairra, 'rar breághad fearaim.  
éirí;

Clód 'gur ríod dá b-keacara fód !  
Gur tu'n marzalac mánlad, gáirdeac, geala-  
chéir,

Tuz a m-barraib meic Dáire rpar ó Albain;  
Cóm leógan 'r galairta gleo?

Mó'n mh-éirí túz ár na d-táinte a n-Éamhán,  
Mo'n bhinníoll 'na deoig éar rár do  
éarriann;

Gac áirad gairge gan clár nó d'áirimí,  
Pnam ra cáta, ba dána a d-tpearraib;

Mo'n óg fearó bíó ag Mícoll na ríod?

D'feargair rí, ag rá, bíó lán do mearnamad,  
'Táimre ag tabairt mo láim, mar cáca ónt;  
Faoi 'n b-fóghair, go n-áirraib gleo?

---

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Mar mearaim a báb agur a bláir na mbarraíon  
As I presume babe and bloom of fair-headed

Ar áilne peairra agur ar breághad fearaim-éirí  
Most fair person and most alluring standing feature (figure)

Clód agur ríod dá bkeacara fód  
Shape and countenance that I have seen yet

Gur tu'n marzalac mánlad gáirdeac geala-chéir  
That thou (art) the damsel smooth joyful bright-skinned

Tuz a mbarraib meic Dáire rpar ó Albain  
Brought in barks (of) Sons (of) Dary of a time from Albany

Cóm leógan agur galairta gleo  
Corps (of) heroes and weapons (for) war

Mó an áiríirí túz ár na dtáinte a n-Éamhán  
Or the damsel brought destruction the hosts in *Emania*

No an bhinníoll na deoig éar rárle do éarriann  
Or the maiden after her across ocean did pull

"O! be thy lowly slave forgiven,  
 Who hails thine eye as light from heaven,  
     And thou now a fay in disguise!  
 The maid mayhap whose charm ensnaring,  
 Led Dairy's Son to warlike Erin,  
     His North Star the light of thine eyes—  
 Or ruin'd Emania's hero host,  
 Or led brave Greece o'er ocean's water,  
 In tall barks towards the Dardan coast,  
 To give proud Troy to flames and slaughter—  
     Dear pledge for Paris's prize."

"Arise," she cries, "let joy possess thee—  
 Ere harvest's golden glories bless thee,  
     Thine ear hears the battle-cry loud—  
 Go tell the bards who pine in sadness,  
 To teach their harp-string songs of gladness,  
     And raise strains of victory proud!"

---

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Ƨac aṛṛaḍ ƧaṛƧe Ƨan clar ṇoḥ do aṛṛṇṇḍ  
 Each hero valour without weakness whom did calculate

Ƨṛṇam ra čača ba ḍana a ḍṛṇeapṛḍ  
 Priam his armies fierce in battles

Ṇo an ḍƧ ṛeoḍ bḥḍ aƧ Ƨicill na ṛlōƧ  
 Or the young gem was with Achilles the hosts.

Do ṛṇeapṛṇ ṛḥ aƧ ṛaḍ bḥḍ lan do ṛṇeṇamṇaḍ  
 Did reply she saying be full of merriment

Ƨṛaṇṛe aƧ ṛaḍaṛṛ mo laṛṇ ṛaṛ čaca ḍṛṛ  
 I am giving my hand as surety to you

Ƨaoḥ an bṛḍƧṇaṛ Ƨo ṇaṇaṛcaṛ Ƨleḍ  
 Before the harvest you will behold slaughter

ƧƧur aṛṛṛ ṛḥ do ṛaṛṛḥ Ƨaḥ an ṛaṛṛeapṛ  
 And relate you to (the) bards (of) Fail the admonition

Ƨan clar do čanaṇm le ṛaṛṛ aƧur ṛaṛṛṇeam  
 Without weakness I relate with affection and delight

'S ajetnyr yi d'fáigib fál, an t-ajteayc,  
 Jan clár do chánaim, le páirt 'r taitheoin;  
 Do'n óg leógan, do fealbaid m'ógaó?  
 Uiri talaim, 'r aji fál' tá'n báire carða lñ  
 Mj'l rearam, ná cár, le fágail ag gallapne;  
 'S n' fágfari ainiom dá n-ál, a m-breatain,  
 Uiri d-teacht a baile do'n bán-élaic reo ag  
 tairdjol

le reól cóir, go feariantar Eógan?  
 Dá cábaui atá na Spáinigh cálmad,  
 Uiri mága, 'r aji macaire, d'fág faoi  
 éarceyrne;

Uiri feóic cóir na Sagran Jan tneoiri!  
 'S caithneleada 'n élaui, do páir na reana-  
 rtoc,

D'fár a m-banabad, áirad, érearamhíl,  
 An flior leógan, 'r taca le cóir.  
 Mj leigfid aji láir go bfaic a n-aimaib,  
 Go n-glanaid faoic-háll ó ádal na n-dañaimib;  
 Jan tráic aji éarad, ná fágail aji ajioc,  
 Uiréic ná b-feariantair, go gáirdeac canaid,  
 le móir-róir, céad amen le h-éógan?

---

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Do an óg leógan do fealbaid mo ógaó  
 To the youthful hero (who) did possess (enjoy) my virginity  
 Uiri talaim agur aji fálle tá an báire carða lñ  
 By land and by sea is the goal turned with us  
 Mj b'fíl rearam ná cár le fágail ag gallapne  
 Not stand (footing) or pity extended to foreigners  
 Agur n' fágfari ainiom dá n-ál a m-breatain  
 And not left name of (their) brood in Britain  
 Uiri dteacht a baile do an bán-élaic reo ag tairdjol  
 On arriving home to the fair hero who is approaching  
 le reól cóir go feariantar Eógan  
 With sail (gale) fair to the inheritance of Eoghan  
 Dá cábaui atá na Spáinigh cálmad  
 Assisting him are the Spaniards hardy

Each chief shall wave a conqueror's blade,  
 When war's fierce lash shall scourge the stranger ;  
 From Britain's isle his name shall fade,  
 When comes old Erin's brave avenger,  
 To weave the foe a wide, bloody shroud—

“ When Spain sends bravest heroes hither,  
 Oppression's arm shall waste and wither,  
 By sea, by shore—the despot's reward—  
 And slavery's chain shall rive asunder,  
 When Erin's brave, 'mid war's wild thunder,  
 In gore bathe the green battle-sword—  
 No thought of ruth, nor word of peace  
 By heart be felt—by tongue be spoken,  
 'Till quenched in blood, his light shall cease,  
 And Saxon power lie crushed and broken”—  
 Shout loud Amen to the bard !

---

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Այլ մէջա ճշր զիլ մաճալիւ ծօ քն թաօլ շարճալիւ  
 On field and on plain did leave under contumely  
 Այլ քծժ շօլիս նա Տաշրան շան տիւօլիս  
 To wither tribe the Saxon without strength  
 Աշուր շալէմլեաճա ադ Շլալիս ծօ մար նա թեադարոց  
 And the soldiers of *Clar* of race of the ancient stock  
 Ծօ քնր ա մեծաբաճ ճարճ շիւարճալի  
 That sprang in *Banba* ancient warlike  
 Ան թիօր լեճճան ճշր տաճա լե շօլիս  
 The princely hero and support with pursuers  
 Ոյ լեւշիւ ճարլար շօ երճիւ ա դարմալի  
 Not will lay down for ever their arms  
 Շօ ոշլանքալ թաօլ-հալլ օ աճալ նա դճանալի  
 'Till they sweep white-hall from brood the demons  
 Շան տրաճժ ճար շարճ նա քնճալ ճար ճարլոց  
 Without thought of returning or chance of restitution  
 Ա թալիւ նա իւրարանտալ շօ շալլմեաճ շանալ  
 Their estates or inheritances joyfully sing ye  
 Լե մօր թշօլիս շեաճ աւնիւ լե ի-Էճճան  
 With full scope hundred amens with Owen

# ḡÉIBIOMM NA M-ḡUOIÐEIL.

Eóḡan Ruað, mō cān.

poñ—"Seáḡan bḡde."

Ḃḡ tairḡol na rlēḡte ḡam realað am aonam  
 ḡo rað-ḡmireac, cēarda, ḡan āmḡ ḡmīñ;  
 'S mē maðḡnam ām cē-ḡeapḡaḡ ḡanḡde  
 an t-raoḡl,  
 Do reamḡ mo ḡnē, 'r do cḡāḡaḡ rīñ?  
 Ḃm b-plaḡa mam ḡmēḡḡḡam ḡalla-ḡm  
 cēaḡað,  
 'S a mḡaḡte-ḡm aolḡa, mam rāḡḡdeag;  
 'S an donur le cēle ḡā ḡḡḡa ḡac lae oḡmīñ,  
 O ceanḡlað ÉIRE le Seáḡan bḡde!

## INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Ḃḡ tairḡol na rlēḡte ḡam realað am aonam  
 Wandering the mountains to me while alone  
 ḡo raðḡmireac cēarda ḡan āmḡ ḡmīñ  
 With long wearied tormented without desire facetious  
 Ḃur me maðḡnam ām cē-ḡeapḡaḡ ḡanḡde an t-raoḡl  
 And I meditating on evil deeds deceitfulness(of)the world

1 The *Air* of this song is well known in the most remote district of Munster, particularly Cork and Kerry. It is founded on a very low version, of which the following stanza will suffice to form a just idea. Should any of my readers favor me with a full copy, I would publish it in *juxta-position* with an able reply by Ulliam Dall, a Tipperary bard, whom I shall soon introduce to the notice of the public.

"Cḡmreapḡa 'n mōḡmre rearda ḡa rōḡrīr,  
 Ḃ-ḡorcað, a n-Éḡcāll 'r a ḡ-ḡmaḡḡḡe;  
 'S nī leḡmafað aon ḡḡ-ḡeapḡaḡ ḡḡaḡl cōmīñ an bōḡam,  
 Le h-eaḡla an mōḡmre, Seáḡan bḡde?"

The term *Seáḡan bḡde*, *Yellow Jack*, or *Orange Jack*, was first applied to the followers of William III. and is now bestowed by the lower classes on such members of the various Protestant sects scattered over the face of this unhappy country, as are known to be most inimical to the Catholic faith. It is generally believed that the *initiatory* oath of an Orangeman binds him to fight "knee-deep in Popish blood," and the furious and intolerant acts of these parties tend to confirm this idea more and more. The inflictions endured under

## CAPTIVITY OF THE GAEL.

Air— "*Shane Bui*."

I wander'd the moorland all weary and worn,  
 Fell sorrow my pathway pursuing ;  
 Revolving what fetters our chain'd limbs have borne—  
 Sad sighing at Erin's undoing—  
 Our princes' sad thrall, and our fair cities' fall,  
 And wide wasted plains did appal me ;  
 And my tongue curs'd that day of the false Saxon's sway,  
 When Erin was shackled by *Shane Bui* !

## INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Do fearḡ mo ḡḡeī aḡur do cḡaḡaḡḡ rḡḡ  
 Did wither my countenance and did torment us  
 Ar ḡḡaḡa maḡ cḡeḡḡḡḡḡaḡ ḡaḡa ḡḡc cḡaḡḡaḡ  
 Our nobles as forsaken (by) English bucks false-hearted  
 Aḡur a mḡaḡḡeḡḡḡḡ aḡḡa maḡ fḡḡḡḡaḡ  
 And their fortresses brilliant made desolate  
 Aḡur aḡ ḡḡḡḡ le cḡḡle ḡa ḡḡḡa ḡaḡ lae oḡḡḡḡ  
 And the evil together shedding each day on us  
 O ceanḡlaḡ Éḡḡe le Seaḡḡaḡ ḡḡḡe  
 Since fettered Erin by John Yellow (*Shane Bui*)

the penal code, elicited many of these Jacobite songs from the bards of this period ; and, imbibing as they do, the political sentiments of a persecuted people, are calculated to keep alive a glowing hatred of the Saxon, which time can never efface. In furnishing the present version, I have had two copies of the song before me—one supplied by Mr. Michael Browne, Lismore, County Waterford, and the other from Mr. Michael O'Sullivan's manuscript collection.

Let the reader pause to behold, how the inspiration of genius enables the poet to stretch his far ken into the dark vista of the future. It is an historical fact, that at the Boyne, William's soldiers wore green boughs in their head gear to distinguish them in battle ; and yet our bards quickly named them the *Orange* or *Yellow* race. The Upas tree of Ireland is of very recent planting, yet our gifted seers had the heart of the nation prepared to pour forth the full measure of execration at the advent of the oft-sung badge of Saxon ascendancy.

COIY ABAIN A Z-CAOLDORIE PTADARA TPÉIMPE,  
 DAM MYTEANA ZÉAPIA D-FYΣ TÁMHAC RÍH!  
 LÁN D'AITIOY AZ ÉIRDEACT LE CANTAIN NA  
 H'ÉANLAJĊ,  
 DÁ RPRIEAZAD AII NA ZÉAZAD ZO RÁIPIBÍH?  
 D'AMARICAR RPÉII-BYIINGIOLL, ŽEAMHNAĊ,  
 DÉID-ŽEAL,  
 ČAON, ČAPIČANAĊ, FÉIH, AZ TEACD LÁIH LIH;  
 A MAIPE 'R A MAOPIĐACD KUAPI BAPIA ŽAN  
 BPIÉAZHAD,  
 O HA B-PEACAD DO BÉIČIB, A Ž-CLÁPI ČYH.

BA ČABAPIYAC, DPÉIMPEAC, DAIPE, TPIB, PÉAPIAC,  
 BOŽ, BAČALLAC, HJAMĐAC, HA TÁCLAÓJ;  
 A CAPIH-FOLT CIAOĐAC, A PEACAD 'HA FLAODA,  
 O BAČUR ŽO MEUPIAJB A BAH-TPIÓŽE:

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 INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

COIY ABAIN A ZCAOLDORIE PTADARA TPÉIMPE  
 By a rivulet in narrow woody I rested awhile  
 DAM MYTEANA ZÉAPIA D-FYΣ TÁMHAC RÍH  
 Of my excursions sharp left motionless us  
 LÁN DO AITIOY AZ ÉIRDEACT LE CANTAIN NA H'ÉANLAJĊ  
 Full of joy listening with warbling of birds  
 DÁ RPRIEAZAD AII NA ZÉAZAD ZO RÁIPIBÍH  
 Bursting forth on the branches so very sweet (harmonious)  
 D'AMARICAR RPÉII BYIINGIOLL ŽEAMHNAĊ DÉID ŽEAL  
 I beheld a slender maid chaste white toothed  
 ČAON ČAPIČANAĊ FÉIH AZ TEACD LÁIH LIH  
 Sweet tempered friendly modest approaching nigh us  
 A MAIPE AZYR A MAOPIĐACD  
 Her gracefulness and her mildness  
 FVAPI BAPIA ŽAN BPIÉAZHAD  
 Obtained sway without flattery  
 O HA BPEACAD DO BÉIČIB A ŽCLÁPI ČYH  
 From all I have seen of nymphs in territory of Conn



Where trees woo'd the stream of a valley profound,  
 And woodbines a bower had bound me,  
 Fair visions poetic came floating around,  
 As wild birds pour'd melody round me—  
 Then burst on my eye a bright star of the sky,  
 She smiles—and her white teeth enthrall me—  
 'Tis heaven I behold in her features' fine mould,  
 Though shaded with sorrow by *Shane Bui*!

Thick, fragrant, and fair fell her bright, shiny locks,  
 Rare tresses in beauty contending,  
 Whose long-wreathed ringlets all rivalry mocks,  
 To her exquisite ancle descending!

---

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

α δαβαμραδ δρεμμεδ δατε τjub πεαπλαδ\*  
 so closely braided odorous highlysparkling

οζ βαδλλαδ ηιαηδαδ ηα τακλαοι  
 oft curled brilliant in tresses

α καηφοτε κηαοβαδ α πεακαδ ιονη πλαοδα  
 er flowing locks branchy folding in wreaths

δ βατup ζο μευηαιβ α βαη τjuoige  
 rom head to toes her white feet

---

\* Decorated with pearls, or other ornaments, which shewed a brilliancy almost equal to the rays of the sun.

Dearbaid éigre ari amharc a rḡéime,  
 Sur samuil a n-ḡnéi, 'r a ḡ-cáilḡdeacht;  
 Leir an lompad a ḡcéin, le ḡairḡe don ḡréi  
 Tuḡ calm' mac Iaron do báir cloḡdóin.

ba mairéac a h-éadan tair, cnearda, a  
 aol-dáit,  
 'S ba samuil le caol-miḡbe a dá bmaoi,  
 Tairmairḡe ari mēil-dēarica, mairia, mēit  
 ḡlara,  
 Céalḡ na céadta le láimac raiḡead!  
 'Ma leacad a plēmeacht bḡd lara na ḡ-caom  
 Tmē rneacht na rlēbte ḡo rāin, rḡodac;  
 'Ri rē céalḡ ḡo h-aodasb me, nuair beairta  
 'na dēiḡ rin,  
 'Ri beit rnamairḡe a ḡ-clēmeacht, le Seāḡar  
 bḡde!

'Ri peairra ba rēime, a mama ba ḡēme,  
 'S a reanḡa-cóirp aolda ḡan ráḡail téimol;  
 M'íl ḡanḡd, ná claon-beairt, a d-tairḡe 'na  
 caom-óirḡit,  
 'S ar tairḡeaimac, raom-ḡlan, a cáilḡdeacht:

---

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Dearbaid éigre ari amharc a rḡéime  
 Confirmed by bards on beholding her beauty  
 Sur samuil a n-ḡnéi aḡur a ḡcáilḡdeacht  
 That equal in countenance and in appearance (fame)  
 Leir an lompad a ḡcéin le ḡairḡe don ḡréiḡ  
 With the - fleece afar by valour to Greece  
 Tuḡ calma mac Iaron do báir cloḡdóin  
 Obtained mighty son (of) *Æson* by point sword  
 ba mairéac a h-éadan tair cnearda ari aoldait  
 So graceful her forehead soft modest on lime colour  
 Aḡur ba samuil le caolmibe a dá bmaoi  
 And equal to slender hair her two brows  
 Tairmairḡe ari mēil-dēarica mairia mēiḡlara  
 Painted on starry eyes stately clear blue

And thus wake in song, to these bright tresses long,  
 Harps warblingly wild as the *Ceol-shee*,\*  
 "More rich than the fleece brought by Jason to Greece,  
 The golden hair sullied by *Shane Bui*!—"

The arch of her brow is a soft silky hair,  
 Her forehead with modesty brightening;  
 To meet the dread light of her blue eye forbear—  
 There's death in the flash of its lightning!  
 The red berry's glow, lofty Mangerton's snow,  
 Ever change on her cheek to enthrall thee—  
 And my heart rent in twain when I thought of her chain,  
 Fast knotted in nuptials to *Shane Bui*!

Sprightly, yet mild, her fair countenance shone,  
 Her breast heav'd like billows of ocean;  
 The heart that throb'd warm 'neath her emerald zone  
 Never bounded to passion's commotion—

---

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Dealz na céadta le lánac fágáid  
 pierced the hundreds by casting arrows

ona léacá a pléimeacá b'í lara na zcaora  
 on her cheeks varying was blush (hue) the grapes (berries)

Tre fheacá na pléibte go raib ríodac  
 through snow of the mountains tranquil peaceful

A ré cealz go haodáib me nuair beartar ionadéiz rin  
 It pierced to the livers me when I judged afterwards

A beir fhamáibte a zcléimeacá le Seázan Buide.  
 to be fettered in nuptials with John Yellow.

A pearra ba féime a mama ba zéime  
 her person so gentle her breasts so pointed

zur a reanzacorp aolda zan fágáil teimeal  
 And her slender person bright without appearance of gloom

li b'fál zanzad na claoibte a dcairze iona caom éime  
 lot is venom or false action in store in her mild countenance

zur ar caiteamác raonálan a cáilídeacá  
 And most acceptable noble her appearance (fame)

---

\* Fairy Music.

Այլ ամաբ a բջիմե o Բաժար յo caol-տրոյճ  
 Ծ'բխբխաջեար բէյոճ de'ն Բային ;

Ա հայնյմ le հէրբաճտ, 'ր na Բարտա շար  
 բէլտյոն,

Ծա բանյւլ a շ-սէյն Լար, na բանյջեաճ ?

'S Կարտանաճ, Բարաճ, ծամ Ծ'բբաջայն ա  
 րբէյն-Բեան,

Բյոր մ'այնյմ do Բէար' ծնտ, յo բար-ճիւնն ;

'S me Բեանճարաճ Աոնջար, Շնն ճալմա, 'ր  
 Մէյլ ծնծ,

Բարյն շրաճամ na հ-Էյնյոնն am բայնտյջեաճ :  
 Տեօ an Ծ'աճար շար մե-րի յo հ-այնջե am  
 աոնար,

Տյոճ ճարյլ a n-Ծարբարն բաօյ արծ-ճյոր ;

Աջ շալարն an Բէարաճ, do Բալբար յoլ-Բրոյճ,

'S Բարն շաճ աոն Բեաճ Ծ'ար արննջեար !

Շար Կալե 'ր Լէյն Լոյմ, an Կանջալ բա Ծար-  
 րմաճ,

Այլ ճառնա շնլէրար շաճ Լա ճյոյն !

---

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Այլ ամաբ a բջիմե o Բաժար յo caol տրոյճ  
 On beholding her beauty from head to slender foot

Ծօ բխբխաջեար բէյոճ de an Բային  
 Did inquire I myself of the babe

Ա հայնյմ le հէրբոճտ աշար na Բարտա շար բէլտյոն  
 Her name with effect and the deeds sent a star

Ծա բանյւլ a շսէյն Լար na բանյջեաճ  
 Her equal afar distant a wanderer

Ար Կարտանաճ Բարաճ ծամ do Բբաջայն an րբէյնԲեան  
 'Tis friendly polite to me did reply the heavenlymaiden

Բյոր մօ այնյմ do Բէարաճ ծնտ յo բարճիւնն  
 Knowledge my name I will give to you accurately

Ար me Բեանճարա Աոնջար Շնն ճալմա աշար Մէյլ ծնծ  
 I am niece to Aongus Conn mighty and Neil dark

As my greedy eye stray'd o'er the beautiful maid,  
 "Queen of beauty," I cried, "O recall me  
 Thy fortune's dark fall that consign'd thee a thrall,  
 To the cold-hearted *Sassanach*, *Shane Bui*!"

"My grief," said the maiden of heavenly mien,  
 "Reveals thee my sorrowful story—  
 Dark Niall beheld me, a diadem'd queen,  
 And Conn added rays to my glory!  
 But red torch and glaive sweeps the land of the brave,  
 And horrors unceasing appal me,  
 That give the proud dome for the *Sassanach* home,  
 And the fields of our fathers to *Shane Bui*!"

"And O! the deep gloom of my wild-throbbing breast,  
 That men who should die to avenge her,

---

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Fuaill zmadam na hÉirinn a bpailltígead  
 Had dominion of Erin in unity  
 Seo an caobhar éuz mpre zo haillezte am aonar  
 This the cause brought me plundered desolate (lone)  
 Sliocb Cailill a ndaoibhruib faoi aib éior\*  
 Tribe of Cashel in bondage under high rent(crownrents)  
 Ag Sallab an béarla do fealbaid aolbhioiz  
 By Saxons the English did possess mansions  
 Agur fearu zac aon neac do ar aillídear  
 And inheritance each one person that I have mentioned

Cúir caite agur leuy liom an ceuzal ra daoirmacb  
 Cause of blemish and woe to me the fetters and captivity  
 Ail élañ a Míleirur zac la éiom  
 On sons of Milesius each day I see

---

\* The head-rent, or tribute paid the reigning monarch, and named  
 y the subject, as *crown*, or *quit-rents*.

Dá h-ghleada, dá g-céara, da g-capta, d-  
 d-tpiaóca,  
 Faoi 'h ama, ag béaraiḃ an ḡháiḡ-ḡeill !  
 'S deariḃ zup baoḡalaḡ d'ḡḡ ḡearḡ an ḡon-  
 meic,  
 D'búir g-corḡaíḡ zo h-éag maí atá-ḡaoi ;  
 'S naḡ ḡḡarḡarí me aipí aonḡoí, ḡe d'aiḡiḡ  
 mo d-éarí,  
 Le leabaiḡ an ḡiméipile ḡin, Seáḡan buíde !  
 ḡipí aiḡipir an ḡḡeíl ḡin ḡan bíadapí do'n ḡeíl-  
 tíoḡ,  
 'S caḡaḡ, boḡḡ, ḡaomaḡ, ḡliuḡ, d'ḡág ḡíḡ ;  
 'S mo d-éaríca ag ḡaoí-ḡíle laḡḡa ḡiub d-éarí,  
 Zo h-aiḡiḡ 'ḡ ḡíoi b-ḡéioipí a d-ḡpáḡa líḡḡ :  
 ḡiḡḡim zo h-éagḡaḡ aipí ḡḡarí na ḡaoíḡ ḡḡeal,  
 Zo ḡḡarḡe an d-aoí-ḡḡamal pláiḡ, d'íḡḡ ;  
 Do ḡearḡíad aipí ḡaoíḡeíliḡ, 'ḡ zo b-ḡaiḡimíḡ  
 éíre,  
 ḡḡ aḡarícaḡ céile ḡapí Seáḡan buíde.

## INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Da h-ghleada da g-céara da g-capta da d-tpiaóca  
 Scorched tormented pitchforked subdued

Faoi an ama ag béaraiḃ an ḡháiḡ ḡeill  
 Under the yoke by boors of constant treachery

Ar deariḃ zup baoḡalaḡ d'ḡḡ ḡearḡ an aon meic  
 'Tis true that threatens you wrath the only son

Do búir g-corḡaíḡ zo h-éag maí atá-ḡaoi  
 To you protect timely as ye are

ḡzup naḡ ḡḡarḡarí me aipí aonḡoí ḡe do aiḡiḡ mo  
 And not divorced at all 'tis what matured my  
 d-éarí  
 tears

Le leabaiḡ an ḡiméipile ḡin Seáḡan buíde.  
 From bed of churl that John Yellow.

See fair Erin smitten, evicted, oppress'd,  
 In chains of the treacherous stranger !  
 And O ! that the doom of the tyrant were come,  
 And the salt drops were dried that now fall free,  
 And a proud nation's force could procure a divorce  
 From the dull, plodding plunderer, *Shane Bui !*"

I heard the sad tale of the maiden distress'd,  
 Woe-burden'd and weak at the telling ;  
 My tears' briny stream had its source in my breast  
 Where shame and wild anguish were swelling—  
 And Erin of love, may the Father above  
 From the plague of the tyrant recall thee,  
 And thy young heart rejoice with the spouse of thy choice,  
 When sever'd, for ever, from *Shane Bui !*

---

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Արմ արեւոր ան բշել ըն չան Եւսար Եւ ան բելւոն  
 On relating the tale this without flattery to the star  
 Ար Կաթ Եւ Եւսար Եւսար Եւսար Եւսար ըն  
 Tis mournful poor sickly tearful did part us  
 Այս Եւ Եւսար Եւսար Եւսար Եւսար Եւսար Եւսար  
 And my eyes free shedding streams heavy tears  
 Եւ Եւսար Եւսար Եւսար Եւսար Եւսար Եւսար  
 Quickly and not possible to dry with us  
 Այլ Եւսար Եւսար Եւսար Եւսար Եւսար Եւսար  
 beseech fervently on Father the saints bright  
 Եւ Եւսար Եւսար Եւսար Եւսար Եւսար Եւսար  
 To scatter the black cloud plague of us  
 Եւ Եւսար Եւսար Եւսար Եւսար Եւսար Եւսար  
 That poured on Irishmen and may we behold Erin  
 Այլ Եւսար Եւսար Եւսար Եւսար Եւսար Եւսար  
 With a different spouse from *Shane Bui*.

## SŪIL-ĊABURȚAD ĒJRJOMM!

Eðġan Ruad, mō ðan.

Fonh—"Sjoda čá'd ballajt."

Coſſ abajn a neſ, 'ſ me aġ tairdjol a ġ-čēn,  
 ġo řad-čurſſeac, řaon, ġan řuaſſiceaſ;  
 O'aniaričar bēſč 'na mačaiſ aġ tēacđ,  
 ba ġeanaiaſ ġnēſ, 'ġuſ řnuad-đſeac:  
 ba řſneaiſſiſ tapa, ba iſġealta tairdjol,  
 aġ đſuiđiſ đam aiče đon řuaſġ řiſ!  
 aſ đeiſiſ ġuſ bearičar nač bſuiſġeall đe'n  
 aičme,  
 Do ġeſnead aſſi talaſ an řtuaiſſe.

ba čabaričac lēſ ġo h-altaiſ a čſaob-řolt,  
 bačallač, ſjaſđac, đuallač;  
 ba đaiče 'nā 'n řēad le ġaiſġe đo'n đſſēſġ,  
 Čuġ calſi' iſnac laſon uaiſſiſčč:  
 'S řſeacđ ba ġarđa; ba řſuiđōče, ba řnaſđa,  
 ba oſče, ba aiče, ba uaiſſe;  
 ba bſiſne, ba bſaiſđa, ba čſiſſe, ba čneaiſđa,  
 ba řuiſġe o'āſ đearičar aſſi čuariđaiſ.

## INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Coſſ abajn a neſ aġuſ me aġ tairdjol a ġčēn  
 By a river yesterday and I wandering afar

ġo řadčurſſeac řaon ġan řuaſſiceaſ  
 Long wearied feeble without mirth

Do anaričar bēſč ſona mačaiſ aġ tēacđ  
 I beheld a nymph in haste approaching

ba ġeanaiaſ ġnēſ aġuſ řnuad đſeac  
 So graceful countenance and visage

ba řuiſſeaiſſiſ tapa ba iſġealta tairdjol  
 So firm lively so nimbly approaching

aġ đſuiđiſ đam aiče đon řuaſġ řiſ  
 Moving to me nigh of flight that

aġuſ aſ đeiſiſ ġuſ bearičar nač bſuiſġeall đo an aičme  
 And 'tis truly that I judged not a maid of the tribe



## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

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"We have already noticed the collection of Jacobite relics and her songs in course of publication in penny numbers by Mr. Daly of Kilkenny. It has arrived at the fifth number without any diminution of interest. Each song is accompanied by an interlinear translation, and a metrical version by Mr. Edward Walsh, the writer of some popular poetry in this Journal. We notice it, at present, extract a favorite relic of great beauty from the last number."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Nothing can be better calculated to promote the reading of the Irish Language among the people, than a publication, so popular in price and spirit; and we trust the Catholic Clergy, and the Teetotal Societies will put it in their way."—*Nation*.

"We think the public are deeply indebted to Mr. Daly, for the production of this National Work: independently of its value as an addition to our national literature, its influence in a political point of view will be very great, perhaps incalculable. He was a profound Statesman who said, 'Give me the making of a Nation's laws, and I care not who makes her laws.'"—*Kilkenny Journal*.

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"We agree with our excellent contemporary, the *Drogheda Argus*, in thinking that they (the Songs) may be rendered subservient to a further purpose, and would afford the most valuable help in learning the language for the first time. Speaking of one of the Songs, 'The Peril of Britain,' it says, 'It is like the rest a Jacobite production, breathing forth the burning soul of the enslaved and plundered Irishman, wrapped in his maddening dreams of liberation and vengeance.'"—*Ibid*.

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Gentlemen requiring rare Works on Ireland, or having such to dispose of, will find the covers of this publication a most excellent medium for Advertising. Terms will be the same as the other periodicals.

Goodwin, Son & Nethercott, Printers, 75 Marlborough-st. Dublin.



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Gentlemen who may have in their possession, or could easily procure copies of songs, elegies, or metrical compositions of any kind, which they may wish to see in print, will confer a signal favour on the Editor, and aid in an important national labour by communicating them. The name of every such contributor will be publicly acknowledged, and he shall be entitled to a copy of the number in which the communication appears. Those who may not have an opportunity of sending direct to the Editor, may forward their communications to the Publisher.

\* \* \* Editors of Papers, who may notice these Songs, are requested to send copies of the Paper direct to the Editor.

## THE EXPECTED OF IRELAND.

*Air—"Sheeda ha'd vallet."*

By a green-margin'd stream, at evening, I stray'd ;  
 (Poets are wont to be roaming ;)

O'er the dew-sprinkled sward came tripping a maid  
 Whose charms gave light through the gloaming.—

Air-lifted and light sped the beautiful sprite,  
 Bearing joy to my breast overladen.

I thought, by my fay, no earth-tainted clay  
 From Adam had moulded the maiden!

Her long-flowing hair swept her ankle of white,  
 Golden-ting'd, ringleted, braided—

Odorous tresses, before whose rich light  
 Proud Jason's fam'd treasure had faded!

O! she was the fairest, the brightest, the rarest,  
 The gentlest, the simplest, the mildest,  
 The tunefullest, sweetest, the noblest, the meetest  
 For poet in vision the wildest!

## INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Do zeineas ari talam an rtauirre,  
 Was conceived on earth the heroine  
 Ba cabarrac léi zo haltairb a cnaob-folt  
 So closely with her to ankles her branchy-locks (flowing locks)  
 Ba callac niamdác dvallac  
 Curled brilliant plaited  
 Ba daite iona an réud le zairze don éire  
 More odorous than the treasure by valour to Greece  
 Cuiz calma mac Iaroh uairre  
 Brought mighty son Jason haughty  
 Ar ire ba zarba ba rnuide ba rnarba  
 Tis she was ingenious was well featured was comely  
 Ba oirte ba aite ba uairle  
 Was well bred was cheerful was noble  
 Ba bñe ba blarba ba clirde ba cnearba  
 Was melodious was tasteful was active was meek  
 Ba ruizte do an deaircar am cuarab.  
 Best formed of all I beheld in my sojournings.

The present Song was supplied by C. M'Sweeny, Esq. author of  
 "Songs of the Irish." Another copy appears in Mr. Michael  
 O'Sullivan's collection.

ba leabairi, glan, réim, le h-amharc a h-éadaí  
 Maíreannúil, gnéi-geal, rtuamad;  
 'S a mala deas caol, ari maímar-porog claon  
 Do cealg le gáirib pluagte:  
 Bíod gile na h-eala, le téimeal a larairi,  
 Agus ríorma, 'r a g cairmeiric, na gnuadha  
 'S ní dlígteair do ceacdaí díob úrraim na  
 gmadam,  
 Má ionad na h-áigte cum ruaimhir.

ba cáilce, 'r ba gheair, a mama, 'r a deid,  
 'S a reanga-cóirp réim, náir tnuasilleacc;  
 Agus pearra go léir o bácur go keur,  
 Gan earbad, gan béim, gac buad ruig:  
 Fionaim, 'r aicim, a h-ionad, ra h-ainim,  
 Agus cine, a cairad, ra cablad;  
 Agus rírean, a reara, a dlígte, ra peacdaib,  
 De binnigíoll na gcair-polt, n-duallac.

---

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

ba leabairi glan réim le hamharc a héadaí  
 Slender pure mild to behold her forehead (face)

Maíreannúil gnéi-geal rtuamad  
 Comely countenance bright discreet

Agus a mala deas caol ari maímar porog claon  
 And her brow handsome slender on soft eye rolling

Do cealg le gáirib pluagte  
 That pierced with arrows hosts (myriads)

Bíod gile na h-eala le téimíol a larairi  
 The brightness of the swan with shade in flush (variegated)

Agus ríorma agus a g cairmeiric iona gnuadha  
 Vieing and contending in her cheeks

Agus ní dlígteair do ceacdaí díob úrraim na gmadam  
 And not adjudged to either of them respect or esteem

Na ionad iona h-áigte cum ruaimhir  
 Or a place in her face to repose (rest)



Her mild, ample forehead was fair to behold,  
 Beautiful, polish'd, and tender;  
 Her ripe eye beneath the arched brow roll'd,  
 Darting its arrowy splendor—  
 The swan's virgin snows, and the hue of the rose,  
 In her soft, peachy cheek, were contending;  
 Now white rules alone—now red holds the throne—  
 And now in rare beauty they're blending!

Her bosom of white, her waist of delight,  
 Ne'er glow'd to the clasp of a lover:  
 From her hair-wreathed crown to her glancing foot down,  
 She triumphs all rivals over!  
 Her race and her name, her ancestral fame,  
 Her heroes, for valour's proud duty,  
 Her history's pages, the laws of her sages,  
 I question the flowing-hair'd beauty.

---

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

ba çajlce azur ba žėar a mama azur a dėp  
 So bright and so pointed her breasts and her teeth

azur a řeanyā čorř řėlm̃ nar tmuajlleacc  
 And her slender person tranquil not polluted

a řearřa žo lėm̃ o bačur žo řeur  
 Her person altogether from head to grass (ground)

žan earba žan bėlm̃ žac buad řuž  
 Without loss without blemish each victory won

řřonaym̃ azur ajcm̃ a hřonad azur a hajřm̃  
 I ask and I entreat her home and her name

a cme a čarajd azur a čablac̃  
 Her ancestors her friends and her race

a řurřeay a řearřay a dlžče azur a řeac̃dajb  
 Her tribe her inheritance her laws and her statutes

De břurřžeall na žčaym̃ řolt yduallac̃.  
 Of (the) maid (of) the flowing locks curling.

Բրեաշայրե մե, ան Կու'ն անդիս օ'ն Կ-Տրեյշ  
 Կար Կալայժ օ'ն Կրաե, օո րշուաբաԿԿ;  
 Ծօ Կարիայն՝նա Ծեյշ Կ Կ-Կարիայն ան Կրեա  
 Ծօն ԿԿԿայր շօ Լեյր Կն Լուայթրե:  
 Կօ'ն Կնե-Կեան շրեանԿա, ոօԿ Ծ'յմԿՅ Լե շեա  
 Կայն,  
 Կա Կնեանայր Կարն Կ Ծ-Կարիշայն;  
 Ծօ ԿլլեաԿ Կ Կ-Կանայն, այր Կօյմյր Կ ԿարաԿ  
 Լե Կշեալայն Կեալշ, 'ր ԿրուաԿ-Կլր.

Կ ԿարաԿ Կօ Կլեյն, Կն ԿլԿե Ծուր Կե,  
 Կն ԿեաԿԿար Ծե'ն Կեյշ Կեօ ԼուաԿայր Կե;  
 ԿԿԿ ԿեաԿԿալլե ԿԿրաե, Լե ԿաԿա ԿԿ Կ-Կեյն,  
 շան շրաԿան, շան Կեյն, շան ԿուայրԿեար:  
 շան ԿրԿԿ, շան Կեանայր, Կն ԿԿեաԿ, 'ր Կն  
 շեարիաԿ,  
 Լե Կյօրշայր, Կշ շալլայն ան ԿաԿայր;  
 Կուշ ԿլլեաԿ 'շուր ԿարԿա, շան ԿԿե, շան ԿարԿ,  
 ԿօարիաԿ, 'ր ԿշայրԿ, այր Կօ ԿաԿաԿԿ!

---

 INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Բրեաշայրե մե ան Կու ան Կնդիս օն ԿՏրեյշ  
 Answer thou me are you the fair one from Greece  
 Կար Կալայժ օոն Կրաե օո րշուաբաԿԿ  
 Over ferry (ocean) to Troy was swept  
 Ծօ Կարիայն յօնա Ծեյշ Կ ԿԿարիայն ան ԿրեաԿ  
 Did draw (pursue) her after in barques the multitude (flock)  
 Ծօ ան ԿԿԿայր շօ Լեյր Կն Լուայթրե  
 Of the city all over made ashes (dust)  
 Կօ ան Կնե Կեան շրեանԿա ոօԿ Ծօ յմԿՅ Լե շեալԿայն  
 Or the fair woman brilliant which did depart by insanity  
 Կա Կնեանայր Կարն Կ ԾԿարիշայն  
 Vigorous warlike in contention  
 Ծօ ԿլլեաԿ Կ ԿԿանայն այր ԿօյմյրԿեաԿ Կ ԿարաԿ  
 Was ruined in Emania on protecting her friends  
 Լե Կշեալայն Կեալշ Կշուր ԿրուաԿ Կլր  
 By stratagems treacherous and firm intrigues



"Less fair was the Beauty the Phrygian boy  
 Had stolen from Menelaus' bower,  
 For whom gallant heroes contended with Troy,  
 Till flames wrapt its ultimate tower.  
 The fair bosom'd maid in Emania betray'd  
 By wiles of a treacherous foeman,  
 And bright ones that long rais'd the rapture of song,  
 Should yield to thee, beautiful woman!"

"Alas! that the lover his love should not know,  
 Though sorrow her beauty faded—  
 Forlorn, I wander, o'er-burden'd with woe,  
 Swayless, unhonoured, unaided;  
 Poor, shackled, and prone 'neath the tyrant I groan,  
 While sharp lash and goad ever rend me;  
 And brave hearts are still (they died on the hill,)  
 Who'd pour their last life to defend me."

---

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

c̄aṛiað mo c̄l̄eṛb̄                      uṛ aṛt̄he ðuṛt me  
 Darling my bosom (heart) not known to you me  
 ceac̄ðar̄ de an m̄eṛð reo                      luac̄ðar̄ me  
 not neither of the all these you mentioned me  
 c̄ð reac̄maṛlle ṛṛnae le ṛaða c̄a b̄p̄eṛñ  
 at a forlorn wanderer a long time in pain  
 ʒan ʒṛaðam ʒan ṛeṛm ʒan ṛuaṛṛcear  
 without esteem without sway without merriment  
 ʒan c̄ṛðe ʒan c̄eaṇar̄ am ṛc̄eac̄ aṛur̄ am ʒeṛṛað  
 without treasure without favour devoured and lacerated  
 ʒ m̄orʒar̄ aṛ ʒallaṛb̄ an uac̄ar̄  
 Spitefully by Saxons the haughty  
 ʒuṛ m̄illeð aṛur̄ maṛla ʒan ṛṛme ʒan ṛaṛreac̄  
 brought ruin and disrespect without dignity without restitution  
 maṛb̄að aṛur̄ ṛʒar̄pe aṛṛ mo c̄ablaçð.  
 annihilation and dispersion on my followers (fleets.)

'S lañamari, léadimari, pparzanaç,<sup>1</sup> ppaocç  
Tpealamac, tpeun a d-tuamzain;

Uz tapmianz paol 'm dēin an aicme do bea  
pað,

Szapeað ðam pēin, 'r fuarzaile :

Ruēfīð na Dānari ari mīe 'na n-gealtaið

Ar ionað na b-klāča do b'uairle ;

Uiri fīlleað na reabac ari buile cūm cača

'S nī rīngil mo gairin 'an uair rin.

Dā fīoçcāð geal-beiç, gan faice ari a dtao

U mārzaiaic, lēigim uaim leat ;

'S nā deamīað glaðac coir abain cūm sē

mūr,

D'earzari do ppiēin-fīoçð, Muaðglaic :

Sjollaiie, rearamac, roineanda, reamīamā

bīleamāil, blarða, bleacð-ðuantac ;

Dyne do glacar le mūmriaiñ do fāimil,

'S tā clīrde cūm ballait do cūarīðac.

#### INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Ar lañamari léadimari pparzanaç ppaocça  
'Tis with lances destructive numberless furious

Tpealamac tpeun a d-tuamzain  
Warlike mighty in conflict

Uz tapmianz paol am dēin an aicme do beapfað  
Approaching to my aid the tribe will give

Szapeað ðam pēin azur fuarzaile  
Dispel my pains and release

Ruēfīð na Dānari ari mīe iona ngealtaið  
Fly will the Saxon with fury and insanity

Ar ionað na bēlača do ba uairle  
From habitation of the chieftains most noble

<sup>1</sup> Pparzanaç, *in flocks*. This word I have substituted from the Gaelic Dictionary published by the Highland Society, for pparzōnac, pparzōnac, which appear in every version of the Song I have yet seen.

<sup>2</sup> Muaðglaic, *James Nagle*, a brother bard to whom this Song is addressed by Eōzan Ruad. An imperfect version of Nagle's reply (which I have deferred publishing till I can procure a better copy) appears in O'Sullivan's collection.

“Lance-bearing warriors numberless, bold,  
 Death-dealing in hour of danger,  
 Shall burst, in red battle, the fetters that hold  
 Our limbs for the Saxon stranger—  
 When the national sword sweeps that tyrant abhorr’d  
 From the halls whence our chiefs were driven,  
 And the chieftains returning, for fierce conflict burning,  
 Shall raise our proud glory to heaven!”

Go, lead o’er the land a white-bosom’d band,  
 Proclaiming thy advent regal,  
 And bring the fair dames to thy true lover, James,  
 Sweet bard of the line of Nagle—  
 His heavenly songs speak thy glory and wrongs,  
 Thy hate of the false Saxon’s power,—  
 Or should beauty’s bright wing hover mute o’er the string,  
 He charms the dear bird to his bower!

---

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

n fílleas na reabac ari buille cum cača  
 a return of the heroes maddened (eager) for battle  
 gur nı rıngıl mo ġarım an uarır rıv  
 and not single my sway at moment this  
 ačad ġeal bēıč ġan řajce ari a đtaob  
 forty bright nymphs without nought on their side  
 řarġalaıcc lēıġım uarım leac  
 u charmer I let from me with you  
 gur na đearımad ġlaodac coır ađarın cum Séamır  
 and dont forget calling foot of a rivulet to James  
 do earġarır do řrēıř řlıočđ Kuadġlaıč  
 ho bloomed of the prime stock of Nagles  
 ollarır reararınac řořnearında rearcarınııl  
 tripling persevering well-tempered affectionate  
 learınıl blarđa bleacđ đuarıac  
 Stout sweet kind poetical  
 arır do ġlacar le mırırarınđ do řarınıl  
 man who receives with caresses your equal  
 gur řa clırđe cum ballarır do đuarıac  
 and is active to wallet to search (develope)

FJUEWÐ RĪĜ SĒARUUS,

eoġan Ruad, mō cān.

ƿonh—"An beſnyſn luacſrad."

An aonap real aġ ƿiubal bġor,  
 An dſuſſ oſðce, a n-ġaorſca ceð;  
 Le'm ēaob ſup deapſcar ƿionn-mjoġyn,  
 An ſonſaſde ƿo ƿēſn aſſ ƿeðl:  
 An cēſb aſſ ƿad 'na būclaoſ,  
 An tabaſſſ ƿſor aſſ ƿġēſn an ðſſ;  
 ƿo cſaobac, caſða, cſūmaſſ-bſðe,  
 Na ƿūnſaſde, ƿo bēal a bſðġ.

ba māorða, maſſſſſſ, mſhnte ĩ,  
 ba cſſſn ĩ, 'ſ ba ƿēſn a clðð;  
 ba cāom a deapſ, 'ſ a ƿſl ġſſſn,  
 Maſſ ðſſſſſſ ġſſſn aġ dēanað ƿſðſſſſ:  
 An dēſð maſſ cāſlc na n-dlſſſ cſſſ,  
 ƿan ƿmſſſ, bġð ƿo nēata a ġ-cðſſ;  
 'S a h-aol-cſſſſ ƿeaſſſſſſ, ƿūbac, ƿjoġa  
 Māſſ ðlſſſſſſſſſſſ le cēlle ƿðſ.

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

An aonap real aġ ƿiubal bġor  
 Alone awhile walking I was  
 An dſuſſ oſðce a n-ġaorſca ceð  
 Early (in the) night in a valley misty  
 Le am ēaob ſup deapſcar ƿſonſaſſſſſſ  
 By my side that I beheld a fair queen  
 An ſonſaſde ƿo ƿēſn aſſ ƿeðl  
 Approaching me mildly with speed  
 An cēſb aſſ ƿad na būclaoſ  
 Her hair altogether in buckles  
 An tabaſſſ ƿſor aſſ ƿġēſn an ðſſ  
 Reaching down adorned like gold  
 ƿo cſaobac caſða cſſſmaſſ bſðe  
 In ringlets twisted edge yellow  
 Na ƿūnſaſde ƿo bēal a bſðġ  
 In bands to meet her shoes (bēal, mouth.)

## RETURN OF PRINCE CHARLES.

*Air—"Binsheen Luachra." (Bunch of Rushes.)*

Alone as I was roaming,  
By misty vale of beauty green,  
I spied, amid the gloaming  
Approaching, a fair young queen;  
And as she mov'd in lightness,  
Her wreathed ringlets' flaxen flow,  
Swept o'er her foot of whiteness,  
Like gold wreaths on virgin snow!

She mov'd, a beauteous maiden,  
With mild grace and modest mien,  
And blue eye laughter-laden,  
Like dew-drop on rose-bud seen;  
And cheek of peachy splendour,  
And chalk-white teeth of stainless hue,  
And form of beauty slender,  
That clasp of lover never knew—

## INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

ba m̃aor̃sa maireac̃ m̃ṽinte í  
Gentle beautiful well-bred she  
ba c̃uiri í ãz̃ur ba r̃éirĩ a clóó  
Silent she and mild her features  
ba c̃aor̃ĩ a deãic̃ ãz̃ur a r̃úil̃ z̃ũĩñ  
Kind her eye and her eye mirthful  
Mãr̃ d̃r̃úcc̃ z̃lĩñ ãz̃ d̃éãnãd̃ r̃p̃óirĩc̃  
Like dew bright doing sport  
ã d̃é̃id̃ mãr̃ c̃ãilc̃ nã ñol̃úic̃ c̃j̃or̃  
Her teeth like chalk (of) the close combs (honeycombs)  
Z̃añ r̃m̃úic̃ b̃ĩd̃ zõ ñéãtã ã z̃c̃óirĩ  
Without stain were neatly arranged  
ãz̃ur ã haol̃c̃or̃p̃ r̃ear̃z̃ãir̃ r̃úbãc̃ r̃j̃õz̃ac̃  
And her bright person pure cheerful tranquil  
Nãr̃ d̃l̃ú̃c̃ãĩd̃eãz̃ lẽ c̃é̃ilẽ f̃ó̃r̃.  
Not pressed by a spouse yet.

'Táid caoia, 'r rneacda, aji lúit-rjor,  
 Ma ghríir mhn, ba mhaoida, mōdaimhl;  
 A h-éadan leathan, úr, mhdjm,  
 Gan rmut pñh, go réanmair, rōgac:  
 ba caol a mala dlút-caoim,  
 'S a leabair-pñb mar gēir aji reol;  
 'S a bēilín blarda, buadac, bíh,  
 Ceāraide ná obad mōid.

A rpēiribean cnearda, cijn, caom,  
 Cá'ri rtiuraidēas a g-cēm do fōit;  
 Mō'h léir a mear gur b'iontaoib,  
 Dam ionraide ad gaoir, 'nád clōd?  
 An tu'h bēit' tūg reair 'r pūh-crōide,  
 Do cú' gmoide bíd tréan aji tōir,

---

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

'Táid caoia      ajiur rneacda      aji lúit rjor  
 Are berries (red) and      snow (white) in motion constant

Na      ghríir      mhn      ba mhaoida mōdaimhl  
 In her countenance smooth      gentle      mild

A h-éadan leathan úr mhdjm  
 Her forehead broad fresh I proclaim

Gan rmut pñh go réanmair rōgac  
 Without stain any propitious prosperous (sumptuous)

ba caol a mala dlút-caoim  
 Slender her brow close mild

---

<sup>1</sup> I cannot ascertain who the "fair one" mentioned here is, unless the poet alludes to Aoife, daughter of Amdeime, who fell violently in love with Cúcullaíh on account of his lofty fame, during the time he was studying lessons of chivalry under Sgaetáí, an heroine who resided in Scotland; but, it does not appear that Aoife was married, therefore the poet's tale is not fully borne out, as he represents her as leaving her lawful spouse; however, she proved with child by Cúcullaíh.—*Vide* KEATING'S IRELAND.

She mocks the vermiel cluster  
 That forms the quick beam's coronal ;  
 The snow-flake's virgin lustre,  
 Ere on earth its whiteness fall :  
 No swan, such neck revealing,  
 Has o'er his watery mirror hung ;  
 No fairy strain soft-stealing,  
 Like music from her warbling tongue !

“ O ! beauty-clothed creature !  
 What star thy dwelling-place hath been ?  
 Or can I scan thy feature,  
 Unscathed by thy beauty's sheen ?  
 Art thou the fair one burning  
 With fiercest love, that burst her bower,

---

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Այսր ա լեւծայր թիւ մար չէիր այր բեօլ  
 And her long neck like swan sailing (on lake)

Այսր ա եղիյն Եւրծա Բւսծաճ Բիյ  
 And her small mouth sweet winning melodious

Շահրայծե դար օԲաճ յօյԾ.  
 Chaste not refuse vow.

Ա րբէյրԵան շնարԾա շխի շաօյն  
 Fair one affectionate silent mild

Շա ար բխրայծեալ ա չշէյն Ծօ րօր  
 Whence driven afar thy sort

Ո ան լէյր ա մեար չր Բա յօրԾայԾ  
 Or is it expected that 'tis safe

Ծամ յօրայծե ԲԾ չաօր դա ԲԾ շլօճ  
 For me to approach you nigh or thy person

Ան Էս ան Եղիճ Էս չ րեար Բայր մին ԷրօյԾե  
 Art thou the nymph gave affection and secret of heart

Ծօ Շր չրօյԾե Բի Էրեան ա ԾԾօյր  
 To Cuchullain heroic was mighty in pursuit

'S a cēle cearc zup fāz rí:  
 ʒo dúb-čmoǵdeac le ʒéll don rporc?

ʒn tu Dēirdre māreac, búc, bīn,  
 Do črú čiz do p̄rēim̄ na leōʒan;  
 Muairi čmaočaō flaič, 'r Fion̄ Ríʒ,  
 ʒo dúb-čmoǵdeac an ēizion ʒleō:  
 Mō'n bēič<sup>2</sup> le'p cailleaō Cupaiʒh,  
 ʒan iontaoiō aʒ dēanaō 'n p̄oiu;  
 Mō'n r̄p̄ēim̄-bean čneairda, dúbloioǵdeac,  
 Ma r̄m̄vō ʒp̄iñ air ēipe ceo?

---

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

ʒur a cēle cearc zup fāz rí  
 And her spouse just did leave she

ʒo dúbčmoǵdeac le ʒéll do an r̄p̄oiu.  
 Dismal-hearted to yield to the sport.

ʒn tu Dēirdre māreac búc bīn  
 Art thou Deirdre blooming mouth melodious

Do črú čiz do p̄rēim̄ na leōʒan  
 Whose blood sprang of root of heroes

Muairi čmaočaō flaič aʒur Fion̄ Ríʒ  
 When conquered chiefs and Fionn King

---

<sup>2</sup> The lady mentioned here by the poet is bláchnaib, daughter of the governor of the Isle of Man, who surpassed all the women of her time in exquisite figure and beauty; and though obtained as a prize by Cupaiʒh Mac Dairne, on account of the assistance he rendered the heroes of the Red Branch in plundering the island, and the dire contest he had with *Cuchullainn* afterwards on her account, when he tied him neck and heels and left him shackled like a captive after cutting off his hair with his sword; yet her attachment was so warm towards *Cúchullaib*, that she contrived the following stratagem to enable him to obtain her.

She persuaded Cupaiʒh, that he ought to erect a palace for himself that should excel all the royal palaces in the kingdom, and that he might do so by sending the Clanna Deaʒa to gather and collect all the large upright stones in the kingdom to form this palace. Her reason for this was, that the Clanna Deaʒa might be dispersed



And left her lone one mourning,  
To share Cuchullin's blissful hour?"

"Or Deirdre, beauteous rare one,  
The curse of Ullad's land of grief,  
Where for the fatal fair one  
Were strewn, in battle, king and chief?  
Or left the great Mac Dary  
Beside his recent fortress low?  
Or laid green Erin weary,  
Low chain'd beneath oppression's blow?"

---

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Le núb c̃moḡḡeaḡt aḡ éḡḡoḡ ḡleo  
By dismal heart rending in violence of battle  
No aḡ b̃éḡt le aḡ caḡlleaḡ Cuaḡḡḡh  
Or the nymph by whom slain (lost) *Curaigh*  
ḡaḡ ḡoḡḡaoḡḡ aḡ ḡéaḡaḡ aḡ ḡóḡḡe  
Without reliance in making the bank  
Nó aḡ ḡḡéḡḡbeaḡ c̃ḡeaḡḡa ḡúbḡaoḡḡeaḡ  
Or the fair woman mild doubled  
Na ḡm̃úḡ ḡḡḡḡ aḡḡ éḡḡe ceḡ.  
In vapour artificial on *Eirin* mist.

distant parts of Ireland, far from Cuaḡḡḡh, at the time that úcullaḡḡ should come to carry her off. Cúcullaḡḡ, being informed that the Claḡḡa ḡeaḡḡa were scattered over the kingdom, went out privately, and soon arrived at a wood near the seat of Cuaḡḡḡh, and sends secretly to inform ḡlaḡḡaḡḡ of his arrival, with a large body of troops along with him. She sends him word that she would steal Cuaḡḡḡh's sword, and then as a sign of attack, that she would spill a large vessel of new milk that was in the house to the rivulet which flowed from the castle through the wood where úcullaḡḡ was concealed. Having heard this, in a short time he received the stream white with the milk, when, sallying out, they entered into the palace and slew Cuaḡḡḡh, who was alone and unarmed, and took ḡlaḡḡaḡḡ away with them to Ulster. This river was then called ḡḡoḡḡḡaḡḡ, from being made white with milk.—*Keating*. For the fate of ḡlaḡḡaḡḡ see note at page 32 of this work.

Ȳr bēaraċ, blarða, būċ, bȳn,  
 Ȳdūbairt rí ȳo rēiñ, ȳan ȳō;  
 “Hȳ aon do’o mear a mȳñ rȳñ,  
 ’S dultaiȳim ȳo h-ēaz do’o fōrit?  
 Ȳr bēit me ċairdȳol dūtaiðe,  
 ȳo dūb-ċmoriðeac a η-diaȳ mo leōȳan;  
 ’S mo ċmēacēt’ aȳi leacāð az bȳmȳb,  
 Ȳm fūȳa bȳd ηa flaoð am ðeol!”

“’Tā Sēairlar mear, ra ċmȳp ȳmoriðe,  
 O’ar η-ionȳiðe ȳo h-earȳað aȳi reol;  
 ’S mēiðfȳð real mo ċūmȳiðe,  
 Ȳȳ cūmȳiðȳb le faoðar ȳleo:  
 beað fēiðe, carita, ’r bȳmȳt fȳom,  
 Ȳȳ būmȳiðȳb dā d-ȳmāoċað aȳi feoð;  
 ’S ηȳ leun lȳom laȳ ȳan lȳt pȳñ,  
 ȳac ȳmāȳ dȳob ηar ȳēill don ðmð.”

---

 INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Ȳr bēaraċ blarða būċ bȳñ  
 ’Tis well-bred tasteful mouth melodious  
 Ȳdūbairt rí ȳo rēiñ ȳan ȳō  
 Said she mildly without doubt (deceit)

Hȳ aon do ad mear a mȳñ rȳñ  
 Not one of thy expectation my dear me

Ȳȳur dultaiȳim ȳo hēaz do ad fōrit  
 And I renounce at once thy sort

Ȳr bēit me ċairdȳol dūtaiðe  
 A nymph I am travelled kingdoms

ȳo dūb-ċmoriðeac a ηdiaȳ mo leōȳan  
 Dismal-hearted after my hero

Ȳȳur mo ċmēacēta aȳi leacāð az bȳmȳb  
 And my person spread by boors

Ȳm fūȳa bȳd ηa flaoð am ðeol.  
 Me soaking they are the murderers me sucking.

As strains by haunted fountain,  
 Thus broke her magic melody:—  
 “The frail ones thou’rt recounting,  
 Sweet poet, are no mates for me:  
 O’er wilds I roam forsaken  
 To find my royal love again;  
 While woes my plaints awaken,  
 And tyrants draw my dearest vein!”

“But Charles is returning,  
 With warriors brave, and flowing sail,  
 To ease my bosom’s burning—  
 To free, in battle fierce, the Gael!  
 And when we’ve quell’d the caitiffs  
 That made our holy priesthood die,  
 Green Erin’s glorious natives  
 Shall swell the song of triumph high!”

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INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Ե՛Վ Տեճրլար մեճը Է՛ջըր և շնուր շնուր  
 is Charles swift and his troops valiant  
 օ ար յիօղբայօ շօ հեճրՅԱ Է՛րը րեօլ  
 o us approaching in haste on sail (sailing)  
 շըր րեյօբը րեճ մօ շնրբայօ  
 and will free awhile my afflictions (ways)  
 Յ արբայօն Է րեօհար Յլեօ  
 y heroes in fierce combat  
 րեյօ րեյօ արբա Է՛ջըր Էրնը իօր  
 ill be blowing tossing and crushing constant  
 րը Էրնայօն ծճ Երբօհաճ Էրը րեօճ  
 n boors conquered decayed (withered)  
 շըր յի Էրն Էրն Է՛ջ Յան Էրնը րեօ  
 and not woful with me weak without nimbleness much  
 Է՛ճ արբաՅ ծիօն յար Յեյլլ Ե՛ճ ար ծրն  
 ch wretch of them not obey to the order (creed)

"beis̃ cl̃eiss̃ na ȝ-ceac̃ð ȝan p̃h̃c̃in,  
 ȝ ȝm̃-m̃h̃ðeam̃ añ aoñ m̃eic̃ c̃ōiss̃;  
 'S̃ ēis̃re ceap̃t̃ d̃ā d̃-taḃaiss̃t̃ r̃iof̃,  
 ȝac̃ f̃ioñ-laoi ȝo ñeata ȝ-clōð:  
 beis̃ 'ñ t̃r̃eac̃ð fõ t̃r̃eap̃ȝaiss̃ d̃úbac̃ r̃iñ,  
 ȝañ l̃ioñtais̃ðe, ȝañ f̃earḃã' aiss̃ b̃ōis̃ð;  
 'S̃ ȝaois̃ðeiss̃ ȝo f̃earȝaiss̃, f̃luaȝac̃, f̃ioȝã.  
 Mã ñ-d̃úṭãis̃ðe ȝo f̃eāñm̃ar̃, f̃luaȝac̃?"

### ȝM SEOT̃OȝH.

eōȝan Ruac̃, m̃ō c̃añ.

Seot̃ō t̃oiss̃! ñā ȝoiss̃ ȝo f̃ōiss̃?

Dõ ȝeab̃aiss̃ ȝañ deap̃m̃ac̃ a d̃-taiss̃ȝe ȝac̃ r̃

Dõ b̃j̃ aȝ ad̃ f̃iñf̃eap̃i m̃ioȝd̃a, m̃ōm̃ac̃;

ȝñ eJ̃R̃J̃M̃M̃ iac̃-ȝlaiss̃ c̃ūJ̃M̃M̃ 'r̃ eÕȝȝJ̃

Seot̃ō t̃oiss̃, ñā ȝoiss̃ ȝo f̃ōiss̃?

Seot̃ō leiss̃, a c̃um̃aiss̃ñ r̃a f̃t̃ōiss̃,

M̃o c̃h̃ȝ c̃eac̃ c̃ūm̃ac̃ ȝo d̃úbac̃ f̃aoi b̃m̃ō

Tu aȝ f̃ile 'na f̃ūl̃ 'r̃ dõ c̃ōm̃ ȝañ l̃ōñ!

#### INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

beis̃ cl̃eiss̃ na ȝceac̃ð ȝañ p̃h̃c̃in  
 Will be clergy of the lessons without mask (hinderance)

ȝ ȝm̃-m̃h̃ðeam̃ añ aoñ m̃eic̃ c̃ōiss̃  
 Exulting in the only son just

ȝȝur̃ ēis̃re c̃eap̃t̃ d̃ā d̃-taḃaiss̃t̃ r̃iof̃  
 And poets true giving down

ȝac̃ f̃ioñ laoi ȝo ñeata a ȝclōð  
 Each fair lay neatly in form

beis̃ añ t̃r̃eac̃ð fõ t̃r̃eap̃ȝaiss̃ d̃úbac̃ r̃iñ  
 Will be the drove this conquered sorrowful us

ȝañ l̃ioñtais̃ðe ȝañ f̃earḃã aiss̃ b̃ōis̃ð  
 Without liquors without feasts on table

ȝȝur̃ ȝaois̃ðeiss̃ ȝo f̃earȝaiss̃ f̃ōȝac̃ f̃ioṭac̃  
 And Gael comfortable prosperous tranquil

Mã ñd̃úṭãis̃ðe ȝo f̃eāñm̃ar̃ f̃luaȝac̃.  
 In their territories happy populous.

“The priests in dark caves hiding,  
 Shall altars raise to heaven's King—  
 The bard, with wolves abiding,  
 Again shall wake sweet music's string—  
 When from our fierce oppressors,  
 We free the land of saint and sage,  
 Green Erin's bold redressors  
 Shall hold their fathers' heritage!”

~~~~~

THE LULLABY.*

Original Air.

HUSH, baby mine, and weep no more,—
 Each gem thy regal fathers wore,
 When Erin, Emerald Isle, was free,
 Thy poet sire bequeaths to thee !

Hush, baby dear, and weep no more ;
 Hush, baby mine, my treasur'd store ;
 My heart-wrung sigh, my grief, my groan,
 Thy tearful eye, thy hunger's moan !

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Seoťó ťoıl nă ʒoıl ʒo fđıl
 Hush dear not cry for awhile
 Do ʒeabăıı ʒan deapııad a đtaııʒe ʒac feđııb
 You will get without mistake as a treasure each jewel
 Do bđđ aʒ ad řııııeapıı řıoʒđa řđıııad
 That was with your ancestors kingly before you
 An Éıııı ıacʒııaıı Ćııı aʒur Eđʒaıı
 n Erin isle green Conn and Eoghan
 Seoťó ťoıl nă ʒoıl ʒo fđıl
 Hush dear not cry awhile (yet)
 Seoťó leıııđ a ĉıııaıı řa řťđııı
 Hush child my darling and treasure
 200 óııʒ cėad cıııad ʒo đııđac řaol đııđ
 My five hundred woes gloomy under sorrow

* The “Lullaby” had its rise in the following circumstance :—
 In one of these seasons of fixedness which would sometimes occur,
 at irregular intervals, in the life of the itinerant, potato-digging poet,

Do ġeabajji aji d-tġir an t'abal ad dōjō,
 Do bġō aġ an d-tturi a ġ-clġd f'aoi cōjmeat
 An rtaf do bġō aġ P'AM, ba ġmeant a' n t'reoi
 'S an t-rlat do bġō aġ M'OIJS, ġhġō dġon t
 'r t'reoi.

Seotō tōjl ! ġc.

Do ġeabajji an caoi eac, ēadom, ōġ,
 Do ġeabajji an rrian 'r an jallat dji ;
 bġō aġ f'AMBE fjoñ, ' ba tēan aji tōji,
 Aġ miazad Dānaji ō Ċayreall na n-ōrō.
 Seotō tōjl ! ġc.

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Do ġeabajji aji d-tġir an t'abal ad dōjō
 You will get at first the apple in thy hand
 Do bġō aġ an d-tturi a ġ-clġd f'aoi cōjmeat
 That was with the three in secret under care
 An rtaf do bġō aġ Pan ba ġmeant an t'reoi
 The staff that was had Pan most brilliant the jewel
 Aġur an rlat do bġō aġ M'OIJS ġhġō dġon do ġ t'reoi
 And the rod that was had Moses made shelter to him and guid

Owen Roe had squatted down, as our transatlantic brethren would term it, upon the verge of a bog in a rural district of the County Limerick. When the many-tongued monster, whose wonderful attributes Owen often rehearsed from the classic page of Virgil, to many a red-shinned student, had announced the poet's intention of opening the stores of ancient literature in that locality, the Greek and-Latin-loving *gorsoons* hailed with a joy which Irish striplings alone can feel, and when felt can only properly express, the advent of so much wit and learning to their favoured neighbourhood. It was but the work of an hour to raise a turf-built college, some sixty feet long and twelve feet wide, furnished with ranges of seats cut from the neighbouring bog, on which the numerous students might extend their breechless shanks, and luxuriate in all that freedom of motion so utterly unknown among the unhappy worshippers of wisdom at desks and forms. Here the poet continued to tear up ignorance by the roots to the satisfaction of the entire parish, including the priest himself, when on an unfortunate day, entered one of the frail divinities of Owen's adoration, in the shape of a fair young woman who had come to seek him from the last district in which he had been "serenading." She approached the master of the hedge academy, and reproaching him as the author of her shame and

I'll give the fruit the Phrygian boy
 Bestow'd on Venus, queen of Joy—
 The staff of Pan, the shepherd's god,
 And Moses' wonder-working rod.
 Hush, baby dear, &c. &c.

The steed of golden housings rare
 Bestrode by glorious Falvey Fair—
 The chief who at the Boyne did shroud,
 In bloody wave, the sea-kings proud!
 Hush, baby dear, &c. &c.

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

o ġeabaġu an caoġl eac éadrom óġ
 ou will get the slender steed fleet young
 o ġeabaġu an rriġan aġur an ġallaġc óġu
 ou will get the reins and the saddle of gold
 s aġ Faġlbe ġioġ ba éeaġ aġu éóġu
 as had Failvy fair powerful in pursuit
 ġ ġuaġaġ Óanaġu o Cáġreall ġa ġ-Óġu.
 Expelling Danes from Cashell of the Orders.

row, gave one wild cry, and one enduring kiss to a beautiful babe which she had borne at her bosom, and now laid on her seducer's knee, and departed in audible grief. The reader can conceive the feelings of the unfortunate father, exposed to the jibes of the boys—bes which no magisterial authority could restrain—and the certain denunciation of Father John on the next Sunday. The Scholars had an early dismissal—and anon as the day was wearing late, the young pledge of Owen's licentious love, having missed his mamma, set up a squalling which rung shrill and ominous through the deserted hovel. The poet, to still its infantile clamour, administered the extemporary stanzas of the Lullaby, until the weeping mother, urged by maternal affection, returned again to claim the child, and the poor Owen of a heavy load of affliction.

¹ Faġlbe ġioġ, a distinguished Irish Admiral, who gave battle to the Danes, and rescued Ceallaġán, king of Cashel, whom they had taken prisoner, and tied with cords to the main-mast of one of their ships; but after making great havoc amongst the Danes, he was at length overpowered and slain. Before he took the command of the Munster fleet, he was successful in several engagements with the Danes, who at that time made great ravages in Munster.

Do ġeabaii clóideam soluir an dorñ-cúil óir
 Do b'íð aġ bRíu², aġ mair na rluaga;
 An boġa b'íð aġ Múrcu³, an urcáir mhóir
 Aġ caic Cluantaib aġ tpeargair na d-treac
 Seoćó ċoil! 7c.

Uir-ćú⁴ 'n tairdail ó ċaircail na d-trean,
 Ó leoġan ċaicce bun-mairte na reól;
 Iolair rleisbe, caol ċioir ċeol,
 'S reabac na reilġ ó Sgeilġ na rġeól.
 Seoćó ċoil! 7c.

Do ġeabaii lomrad raiðb'ir an óir,
 ċuġ Iaron tpean do'n ġrleis air bóir;
 'S an tpean eac cućairġ, meair, cumarac, ó
 b'íð aġ Cúćlilíu⁴, ceah-uirad na rluag
 Seoćó ċoil! 7c.

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Do ġeabaii clóideam soluir an dorñ-cúil óir
 You will get sword illumined the hilt of gold

Do b'íð aġ brian aġ mair na rluaga
 That was had Brian slaying the hosts

An boġa b'íð aġ Múrcu an urcáir mhóir
 The bow had Murrough the aim expert (great)

Aġ caic Cluantaib aġ tpeargair na d-trean.
 In battle of Clontarf slaying the mighty.

² Brian, Brian Boroimhe. Tradition says that the sword of Brian, besides having a golden hilt, was so highly ornamented with precious stones, that its refulgence gave light to all around.

³ Múrcu, Murrough, Brian's son who was one of the most expert bowmen of his day, and made great havoc at the battle of Clontarf.

⁴ Uir-ćú, *Swift hound*. Tradition states that this hound was in the possession of one of the kings of Cashel, and was so well trained that it used to run from Cashel to Bunratty, and bring news of the approach or landing of an enemy in the harbour.

Brian's golden-hilted sword of light,
That flashed despair on foeman's flight ;
And Murrough's fierce far-shooting bow
That at Clontarf laid heroes low.

Hush, baby dear, &c. &c.

The courier hound that tidings bore
From Cashel to Bunratty's shore ;
The eagle from the hill of song,
And Skellig's hawk, the fierce and strong.

Hush, baby dear, &c. &c.

I'll give besides the golden fleece
That Jason bore to glorious Greece ;
The harp-sung steed that history boasts
Cuchullin's—mighty chief of hosts !

Hush, baby dear, &c. &c.

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

ó cú an tairdíl ó Ćaireal ná dtreon
h hound that journeyed from Cashel the heroes
leóðan fáirtce bhunraite na reól
n hero plain Bunratty the sails (shipping)
m rléibe caol énoir ceoil
le mountain slender plover melodious
r reabac na reilz ó Szeilz na rzeól.
d hawk of the chase from Skellig of the tales.

zéabair lomrad fáidbhir an óir
t will get fleece rich the gold
tuz Iarón tréan don Éirel ari bóir
ught by Jason mighty to Greece on board (shipboard)
r an tréan eac cúailz meair cumairac óz
d the mighty steed prancing swift powerful young
bíd az Cúcullaíh ceahuirrad na pluaíh.
t was had Cuchullain chieftain of the hosts.

Do ġeabajni rleazġa ʒICJL, ba ċalma a n-ġl
 'S cmaojreac ʒJMM, ʒan mōjll ad dōjō ;
 Éjōe CŌMMʒJLL, do b'uprad le tpeojn,
 'S rʒjajc ʒeal MʒOJS, o cmaojb na rluazġ
 Seočō čojl ! ʒc.

Do ġeabajni clōjōeam ʒJMM, ba ljoimča a n-
 'S an ʒajc bjo aʒ OJʒRʒUJDO, tʒmajc na le
 Cloʒad cupantā OʒʒUJR mōjri,
 ʒjri ʒajcče na ʒejnne čmaoc mac Tpeojn.
 Seočō čojl ! ʒc.

Do ġeabajni a lejnb mari čuslle leō 'n t-ʒe
 Čuʒ ʒOJʒe d'éjʒ ʒac čejm do'n leōʒan ;
 le'ri mairib ʒeʒR-OJʒʒʒ, ba djan a d-čē
 'S CŌMʒOČ uayal, uajbʒeac, oʒ !
 Seočō čojl ! ʒc.

Do ġeabajni ʒan imeariball ʒajmʒjō ʒac ʒec
 Ojōn-bʒat dūbʒad ŌŪbʒJMMʒ ōjʒ ;

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Do ġeabajni rleazġa ʒicjll ba ċalma a nʒleo
 You will get spear of Achilles powerful in battle
 ʒʒur cmaojreac ʒjñ ʒan mōjll ad dōjō
 And javelin *Fion's* without delay in your hand
 Éjōe Conajll do ba uprad le tpeojn
 Armour *Conall* who was intrepid with heroes
 ʒʒur rʒjajc ʒeal Mʒojʒ o cmaojb na rluazġa.
 And shield bright *Naisi* from branch the hosts.

Do ġeabajni clōjōeam ʒjñ ba ljoimča a nʒleo
 You will get sword *Fionn* so keen in battle
 ʒʒur an ʒajc bjo aʒ Ojʒmʒjō tʒmajc na leōʒan
 And the spear was had *Dermot* chief the heroes
 Cloʒad cupantā Oʒʒujri mōjri
 Helmet heroic *Osgar* great

His spear who wrought great Hector's fall,
The mighty javelin of Fingal,
The coat of mail that Connal wore,
The shield that Naois in battle bore.

Hush, baby dear, &c. &c.

Fingal's swift sword of death and fear,
And Diarmid's host-compelling spear,
The helm that guarded Oscar's head,
When fierce Mac Treoin beneath him bled,

Hush, baby dear, &c. &c.

Son of old chiefs! to thee is due
The gift Aoife gave her champion true,
Which seal'd for aye Ferdia's doom,
And gave young Conlaoch to the tomb,

Hush, baby dear, &c. &c.

Nor shall it be ungiven, unsung,
The mantle dark of Dulaing young,

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

ἡ ἀγένη ἡα Ἑῖνη ἐμαὸς ἡας Τρεῶιν.
plain of the Fenians subdued son of *Treoin*.

ἔαδαιρ ἂ λεῖν ἡαρ ἐυλλε λέδ ἀη τρεοῖδ
I will get child as addition with them the jewel

ἔ Ἀοῖφε δο εἰρ γὰρ ἐέμη δο ἀη λεῶζαν
re *Aoife* after each dignity to the hero

ἂρ ἡαῖρ Ἑεαρδῖαζα βα δῖαν ἂ δτοῖρ
which he slew *Ferdia* severe in pursuit

ἂρ Κοῖλαος ἡαῖρ ἡαῖρ ἡεαδ ὄγ.
and *Conlaoch* noble haughty young.

ἔαδαιρ γαν ἡεαρball ἑαρῖαδ γὰρ ἑεῖδ
I will get without mistake besides each gem

ἡηῖρ δὺβῖαδ Ὀύβλαῖνγ ὄγ
mantle dark of *Dubhlaing* young

Do čejleað a žn̄yr a ž-cōm̄žmač řluaž̄a,
'S ē až řjor-č̄yr laoc̄ žo řaon̄ ḡa ḡ-treor̄i.
Seočō čojl ! řc.

Do žeab̄aj̄i řjoḡaj̄i m̄j̄i, taj̄r, m̄ḡḡam̄aj̄l,
'S ājne žhaoj̄ 'r ar caoj̄ne řnuāž̄a ;
Mā 'n řēl̄t̄jon ž̄r̄j̄ ḡuž řR̄J̄Z̄M, řa řluaž̄a,
Žo b̄an̄ na T̄maj̄, žan̄ t̄jm̄, žan̄ treor̄i.
Seočō čojl ! řc.

Do žeab̄aj̄i n̄j̄aḡ n̄āř m̄j̄ḡḡeaȳ or̄t řōř,
Žlojne ḡo'n řjon̄ b̄j̄ḡ b̄řj̄oḡm̄aj̄, řḡḡam̄aj̄l ;
Do tar̄maj̄n̄ž̄eac̄ řēbe an̄ řēl̄t̄jon ḡž,
Čum̄ řUP̄J̄T̄ER laoc̄ na n-ḡēj̄č̄e aj̄i b̄ōřḡ.
Seočō čojl ! řc.

Do žeab̄aj̄i t̄ylle n̄āř m̄j̄ḡḡeaȳ řōř,
Žn̄ žaj̄č̄ ḡuž ŽOM̄Ž̄L̄S t̄rēan̄ 'na ḡōj̄ḡ ;
Do m̄ac cal̄ma UJ̄ Ų̄UJ̄B̄M̄E, ḡā ḡjon̄ aj̄i čōj̄i,
M̄aj̄ ba m̄j̄n̄j̄c an̄ ř̄j̄aḡ žo ḡjan̄ 'na ḡeab̄aj̄ž̄.
Seočō čojl ! řc.

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Do čejleað a žn̄yr a žcōm̄žmač řluaž̄a
That concealed his shape nigh to hosts
Žžur e až řjorč̄ur̄i laoc̄ žo řaon̄ ḡa ḡtreōj̄i.
And he depriving heroes feebly of their might.

Do žeab̄aj̄i řjoḡaj̄i m̄j̄i taj̄r m̄ḡḡam̄aj̄l
You will get a princess smooth soft modest
Žr ājne žhaoj̄ ažur ar caoj̄ne řnuāž̄a
So handsome countenance and so mild visage
H̄a an̄ řēl̄č̄eān̄ ž̄r̄j̄ ḡuž řř̄j̄am̄ ažur a řluaž̄a
Than the star mirthful brought by Priam and his hosts
Žo b̄an̄ na T̄maj̄ žan̄ t̄jm̄ žan̄ treor̄i.
To plain of Troy without dread without guide.

Do žeab̄aj̄i n̄j̄aḡ n̄āř m̄j̄ḡḡeaȳ or̄t řōř
You will get honour not boasted on you yet

That viewless left the chief who laid
Whole hosts beneath his battle-blade.

Hush, baby dear, &c. &c.

And eke a maid of modest mien,
Of charms beyond the Spartan queen,
Whose awful, soul-subduing charms
Mov'd Priam to dare a world in arms!

Hush, baby dear, &c. &c.

For thee shall sparkle, in my lays,
Rich nectar from young Hebe's vase,
Who fill'd the cup, in heav'n's abodes,
For Jove amid the feast of Gods—

Hush, baby dear, &c. &c.

Another boon shall grace thy hand,
Mac Duivne's life-protecting brand,
Great Aongus' gift, when Fenian foe
Pursued his path with shaft and bow.

Hush, baby dear, &c. &c.

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Ḡloinne do an bfeion bíd bríozmair rózamuil
Glass of the wine was powerful sumptuous

Oo éamairzeac Hebe an méileion óz
Supplied by Hebe the star young

Cum Jupitei laoc na ndéite aip bórð
To Jupiter hero of the deities on table

Oo zeabairi cuille nar ínrídear fór
You will get more not mentioned by me yet

An zait éuz Aongus tnean iona dóid
The spear gave Aongus valiant in his hand

Oo mac calma uí Duibne dá díon aip éóip
To son mighty O Duinn protecting him from pursuers

Mar ba mhíic an Fíañ zo dían iona éeoiz
As frequently the Fenians severe after him (in pursuit)

Do žeabaiſi ƿaſll uaiſi, ƿjon, 'r beoiſi,
 'S ēadaċ 'na naiſe ba māiſe do tpeoiſi;
 ʒād o ċim do mume ċūžam ƿan mōd,
 Mj žeallƿad uaiſi oht, duaiſi nā ƿeoſd.
 Seotō tōiſ! nā ʒoiſ ʒo ƿōiſ?
 Seotō leiſb, a ċumaiſi ƿa ƿtōiſi,
 ʒo ċyž cēad cūmað ʒo dūbaċ ƿaoſ bſōſ!
 Tu aʒ ƿile na ƿūl 'r do ċōm ʒan lōſ!

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Do žeabaiſi ƿaſll uaiſi ƿjon aʒur beoiſi
 You will get dainties from me wine and beer
 ʒur ēadaċ ʒona naiſe ba māiſe do tpeoiſi
 And raiment with them befitting a chief
 ʒād o ċim do mume 'čūžam ƿan mōd
 But as I see your mamma to me on the road
 Mj žeallƿad uaiſi oht duaiſi nā ƿeoſd.
 Not will I promise from me to you gift or jewel.

And dainty rich and *beoir* I'll bring,
And raiment meet for chief and king ;
But gift and song shall yield to joy—
Thy mother comes to greet her boy !

Hush, baby dear, and weep no more,
Hush, baby mine, my treasur'd store !—
My heart-wrung sigh, my grief, my groan,
Thy tearful eye, thy hunger's moan !

UILLIAM DALL AND HEFFERNAN.

William Heffernan, more commonly known by the name of UILLIAM DALL, was born at Shronehill, three miles west of Tipperary, and flourished in the beginning of the eighteenth century. He was of an ancient and respectable family, though placed in a low condition of life, which, added to his being born blind, made him inherit largely those misfortunes to which, it is said, the favourites of the muses are often subject. He was the cotemporary of great names, though of very different characters. He was not less distinguished by the friendship of Tuomy, and M'Donnell—men whose memories like his own are embalmed in immortal verse—than by his unmitigated hostility to Damer the celebrated usurer, a name condemned to the everlasting infamy that awaits the abuse of wealth and power, when they are perverted to selfish and sordid purposes, instead of being made subservient to the public good. This man, the *Rothschild* of his time, on his first coming to this country was accompanied by a colony from Scotland, brought over for the double purpose of society and protection, but who excited in the minds of the people those feelings usually provoked by the insolence of planters, and arising from the impression, that every such settlement is an unjust invasion of the natural birthright of the original inhabitants, so frequently and so forcibly denounced of late in the almost universal cry of "Ireland for the Irish." These occasions were too tempting to allow the poet's fire to burn innocuously, and, accordingly, his most powerful invectives were directed against this despoiler of the indigent and his Scotch retinue, who lived and fattened on the patrimony of his ancestors, and gave no return but insult and oppression.

It is to be lamented, that his great natural talents had not the aid of early culture, and that a mind like his was not improved by education; for how much soever it may have been a question with the ancients, the judgment of mankind has long since pronounced, that the praise of posterity does not belong to the mere efforts of poetic inspiration, unless directed and refined by the rules of literature and science. It may seem strange, notwithstanding, that his compositions abound with so many elegant sentiments and frequent allusions to pagan mythology. But, besides that the language of nature is not restricted to country or clime, this is accounted for by a tradition still common in the place of his birth—that at Latten, in his immediate vicinity, there was a classical school conducted by a Valentine Roche, whither the blind wanderer often found his way to listen with enraptured attention to those

sublime lessons of poetry and eloquence bequeathed to us by the sages of Greece and Rome.

Of M'Donnell, surnamed *Clarach*, he was the intimate and bosom friend, by whom he was often visited, and to whose bounty he was often indebted. Of their frequent contentions in wit and poetry many anecdotes are recorded. Of the former the following conversation will afford an example:—

<i>Clarach.</i> Ca fad atá tu dall?	<i>Claragh.</i> How far back are you blind?
<i>Uilliam.</i> O cúil mo éijn a h- all.	<i>William.</i> To my very poll.
<i>Clar.</i> An bfuil tú a bfad ad dall?	<i>Clar.</i> How long are you blind?
<i>Uil.</i> O mullac mo éijn go bón.	<i>Wil.</i> From head to foot,
<i>Clar.</i> An bfuil tú mianh ad dall?	<i>Clar.</i> Are you always blind?
<i>Uil.</i> Ní'l me mianh a h- all.	<i>Wil.</i> I am not always in the world.
<i>Clar.</i> O cuad tú fa ceathran ní fcaim tu beic?	<i>Clar.</i> Being such as you are 'tis so much the better.
<i>Uil.</i> Da m'fcaim do beijn.	<i>Wil.</i> If it were better I would be so.

On another occasion, having undertaken for a wager to find out *Clarach* on one of his visits to the neighbourhood, he went about from house to house repeating these words—

'S mpre an fíle ceathrad,
Atá tead a g-cloí na ndaoine?

To which *Clarach* replied—

'S fíle tú b-fuill breall a h-
all, m'fcaim do beic.

At another time coming suddenly on the blind man as he was turning out manure, he addressed him in these beautiful lines—

Ca'r gabadair na fad do bí 'gá a g-clar Fódla,
Treib Cairill Cuirc an fíona, do fíolraib ó Eógan?
'Na b-fcaim do beic an fíle hionta d'fíor-fíle reo Sínhaill,
Ag fiontar bairna íolaig la daoine gan bróga!

To which the following extempore reply is no less elegant—

Ca'r gáib brian bóirne an leógan do fíolraib
A g-clar fíle Eógan an fíona, do fíolraib ó Eógan!
'Na b-fcaim do beic an fíle hionta d'fíor-fíle reo Sínhaill,

Hó Muiréad do leónaí fíolaigte Cuirc fíle,
Hó h-ahraoi do fíolraib leir an fíle hionta d'fíor-fíle reo Sínhaill,

Many short distichs heard amongst the people bespeak his poverty and his afflictions, such as—

'S m̃iɲɲc m̃e a ʒ-Cuɲllɲ̃ 'r m̃'uɲllɲ̃ tɲe'm c̃ōɲa !
 'S m̃iɲɲc m̃e a ʒaɲɲɲ̃ aɲɲ uɲɲeɲɲba bɲōʒa !
 'S m̃iɲɲc m̃e a Sɲōɲaɲll ʒo dúbac̃, 'r ʒo bɲōɲac̃ !
 'S ɲac̃ad aɲɲ buɲle m̃aɲ a ʒ-cloɲɲe m̃e c̃ōm̃ɲaʒ ?

At the period in which he lived, when the darkness of persecution overspread the land, and its sword was unsheathed against all who adhered with devotional constancy to the faith of their fathers—when the ignorance, which has been so often made the subject of reproach against us, was created by penal enactments, and the vengeance of the laws was sure to overtake those who sighed for the lost glories of their country, or breathed sentiments of hope for her future liberty and independence ; it is not to be wondered at that of those qualified by their talents for such an office, few were found so ambitious of martyrdom as to undertake it. It is otherwise difficult to account for the scarcity of the compositions of this distinguished poet ; for the small number of them which have reached us bear upon them evidently the impress of no ordinary mind. Even Mr. Hardiman, the historian of Galway, states in his "Irish Minstrelsy," that his Song of "Sɲaca aɲ m̃aɲɲaɲ," which is published in that work, would alone rescue his memory from oblivion, and stamp on him the name of poet. There are also extant other pieces by him, which deserve no less praise, and will be published in this collection. His "Dialogue with David Cleary," a roving tailor, who it appears led a frolicsome life, discovers an intimate acquaintance with the history of his country, and abounds with elegant eulogies on Irish valour through many a hard-fought field. His "Lamentation of Eleanor Heffernan," a kinswoman, I knew to be equally admired, though I have not seen it ; and his song of "S̃eāʒaɲ buɲɲe," which I first introduce to the reader under the title of the "Lament of the Gael," will be recognised a composition of much poetical talent, being a reply to another of the same name which was rather popular with the opposite party in his time. In it he speaks with enthusiasm of the bards and heroes of antiquity, and inveighs against the Reformation and the "good Queen Bess" as the twin progeny of the same parent. Of his first essays there is one more popular than the rest—not for any intrinsic merit it possesses, but because it throws some light on the domestic circle of a man whose life is much less known than it deserves—I shall conclude these quotations with it :—

Seal a ʒaɪtɔɪ̯ ðam, aʒur real a Sɾóhəɪll,
 'S real a meɪlt bɾóhə a m-baɪle ʒo̯hɾaoɪ̯ ;
 ʒəɪ̯ do muɪtɪɪ̯ aʒam aɔð ʒaðʒ 'ɾ Nóɾa,
 'S ɲɪ̯ ʒaɪtɔɪ̯ʒeəɪ̯ leð maɪ̯ do meɪlɪ̯m ɪ̯.

The father of Greek poetry travelled through different nations, and celebrated in his inspired rhapsodies the names of those who favoured him with their hospitality. Without wishing to institute any further comparison between an uneducated Bard and the Swan of Meonian verse, I shall only observe, that the subject of this short notice also led an itinerant life, though his excursions, far from comprehending kingdoms, seldom extended beyond a circle of a few miles. At one of those places frequented by him, the housekeeper was less liberal than others, and, anxious to make her unkindness known to her master, on some occasion that he was reading, he took an opportunity of asking what advantage he derived from the use of spectacles? To which the other made answer, that small things viewed through them were much increased. "Well," said the poet, "if they possess such virtue, I would feel obliged if you looked through them at this morsel, which is much in need of being increased."

More than a century has passed away since the death of Damer, as Dean Swift could write his epitaph:—

"Know all men by these presents, that Death the Tamer,
 By mortgage has subdued the body of Damer," &c.

And perhaps it is a century and a half since his Court at Shronehill began to be built. Its history is a melancholy record of the vanity of ambition, and of the perishable nature of every thing human, however magnificent. About seventy years since, the work of dilapidation commenced—the whole structure was demolished to the ground, and its sculptured capitals and marble columns were sold for money. Nothing now remains for the contemplation of the traveller or antiquary, but a range of offices, which, though in ruins, attests the former splendor of the Court itself. The usurer's grave is shewn near the wall of the new-built Church, "without a stone, a name," and the colony, which accompanied him, have vanished, either by emigration, or intermarriage with the natives. Every thing that fired the poet's fancy, or roused his passions, or filled his heart with indignant scorn of the miser and his *alien* horde, has disappeared; but the peasant's fame, the smallest traits of his character, the most trivial incidents of his life, and those rich and exuberant strains of Celtic eloquence, which came with the force and copiousness of a torrent upon his enemies, are remembered and recited by the people as if they were the productions of yesterday.

ՀԱՅՈՒՄԵԱԾ ԽԱ Խ-ՏԱՅՈՅԵԱԼ.

William Dall, ունի լին.

Բոն—“Տեճան Երեւ.”

Ո՞՞ ծանոթ չո ի-հաշար իս քարա-ժոյն աօրժ,
 Երբ աշուհ չո քան-իսար ա Ե-Բալ-ժիւ;
 Օրաշար իս քիւս իսար մեաւ ժոյն աօրժ,
 Ար ի-արմ իս քիւս մեաւ ա Ե-Բալ-ժիւ:
 Եւ Երբ չո քիւս մեաւ ա Ե-Բալ-ժիւ,
 'Տ իս քիւս մեաւ իս քիւս մեաւ ա Ե-Բալ-ժիւ;
 Տար իսար իս քիւս մեաւ ա Ե-Բալ-ժիւ,
 'Տ իս քիւս մեաւ իս քիւս մեաւ ա Ե-Բալ-ժիւ,
 Եւ Երբ չո քիւս մեաւ ա Ե-Բալ-ժիւ:

Տար իսար իս քիւս մեաւ ա Ե-Բալ-ժիւ,
 'Տ իս քիւս մեաւ իս քիւս մեաւ ա Ե-Բալ-ժիւ;
 'Տ իս քիւս մեաւ իս քիւս մեաւ ա Ե-Բալ-ժիւ,
 Եւ Երբ չո քիւս մեաւ ա Ե-Բալ-ժիւ:

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Ո՞՞ ծանոթ չո ի-հաշար իս քարա-ժոյն աօրժ
 My grief that perished the heroes aged
 Երբ աշուհ չո քան-իսար ա Ե-Բալ ժիւ
 Was had us so prosperous in Fail country
 Օրաշար իս քիւս իսար մեաւ ժոյն աօրժ
 Dragons so hospitable not cowardly for valour (slaughter)
 Ար իսար իս քիւս մեաւ ա Ե-Բալ-ժիւ
 Our arms so famous in story down
 Եւ Երբ չո քիւս մեաւ ա Ե-Բալ-ժիւ
 Was sweet each verse that came with effect

¹ Պաճար իս քիւս, *Plain of Senar*. Fenius Farsa, king of Scythia, being desirous of becoming skilled in the various languages that sprung before his time from the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel, dispatched at his own expense seventy-two persons of learning to the several countries of the three parts of the world at that time inhabited, and commanded them to remain abroad for seven years, that each of them might learn the language of the country.

SHANE BUI.*

Air—"Shane Bui."

Alas for the records of ages afar,
 The chiefs of our olden day's glory,
 The shield of the stranger—the valiant in war—
 The light of the *Seanachui's* story!
 When billows of song
 Pour'd their wild tide along,
 And minstrels' gay lays might enthrall thee;
 But our poets to-day
 Have a new-fangled lay—
 They rhyme to the measure of *Shane Bui*!

There's Greece and her glory, antiquity's star—
 The Cæsars of history's pages—
 The ancients that gather'd on far-fam'd Senaar,
 Our guides through the gloom of past ages—

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

ʒʒʉr bʌ ʒneanahar ʃaoʒar aʉ bʃaʒʒʃe
 And was mirthful labour of our bards
 ʒʉr mʌlarʃa aʉ ʃaoʒal aʃʉ aʒarʌʌ ʃʉʃʃe
 Till bartered the world for different deeds
 ʒʒʉr ʉa ʃaʃar le haʃʉ ʉeʌʌ aʌʌ Seaʒan buʃe.
 And not chaunted by any person but John Yellow.
 ʃaʃʃaʃʃ ʉa ʒʉʃʃe ʒʃbʃ ʌaʉʃʃʃʃ le hʃʃʃʃʃʃ
 Stories of Greece who would chaunt with effect
 ʒʒʉr ʉeʌʌʌʃʃ ʉa ʃʃarʃʃʃ do bʌ aʉʌ ʒʉʃʃ
 And laws of the Cæsars of high deeds
 ʒʒʉr aʉ ʒʃarʃʃʃ lʃʃʃeʃʃʃ bʃʃ aʃʉ mʌʌʃʃʃ ʃʃʃar
 And the multitude learned were on plain of Senar
 ʒʉ aʃʃʃe ʌʉʒ ʃaoʒar aʉ aʃʃʃʃʃʃeʌʌʌ
 The tribe gave labour in antiquity

On their return to Scythia at the expiration of the seven years, he went to the plain of Shenar, which, according to the book of *Dromsneachta*, lies near the city of Athens, where all the youth of the neighbouring nations assembled to be instructed in the languages. VIDE KEATING'S IRELAND, p. 225; HALIDAY'S TRANS. *Dub.* 1811.

* This Ballad seems to have been written in ridicule of the rhymers of that day, with whom the air of *Shane Bui*, was a favourite vehicle of verse.

ʒaɪɾʒe na fēiñe bʲɔʁ realaɔ ʒo mēimeac,
 Mō'n imteacɔ ar ēiñe mɪn ʔaɪtʲ.²
 'S clañə lʲɪ³ ēacɔac fuaɪɪ peanaɪɔ ran
 t-ɾaɔʒal,
 Nʲaɪtear leɔ 'n mēɪɔ rɪn ʒan Seáʒan bʲɔde !

An cairmeɪɾ tʲuʒ bēime' ó bʲeataɪn—An
 ɾaɔɪ fʲlaɪtʲ,
 ʔo bʲaɪɾeaz ó tʲmēimeacɔ a lʲaɪn-ʒnʲɪn ;

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

ʒaɪɾʒe na fēiñe bʲɔʁ realaɔ ʒo mēimeac
 Valour of the *Fenians* was awhile unbounded
 Mo an imteacɔ ar ēiñe mɪn ʔaɪtʲ
 Or the departure from Erin made *Dathi*
 ʒur clañə lʲɪ ēacɔac fuaɪɪ peanaɪɔ ran t-ɾaɔʒal
 And children of Lir heroic found torment in the world
 Nʲaɪtear leɔ an mēɪɔ rɪn ʒan Seáʒan buɪde.
 Not joy to them all that without John Yellow.

² ʔaɪtʲ. *Dathy*. Monarch of Ireland, A.D. 398, and last of the Irish Pagan kings, was distinguished by the name of Dathy, to signify his wonderful activity. This prince received his death by a thunder-bolt, as he was pursuing his conquests in Gaul, whither he had carried his arms against the Romans with great success. He died at the foot of the Alps, after coming off victorious in one hundred and fifty battles. His army carried his body with them into Ireland, and interred it with great solemnity at ʔoɪɪʒ na ʔʲoʒ, in Cruaghan, after he had governed the island for twenty-three years.

It is said that his death was a judgment for having violated the cell and hermitage of Saint Firmin, the anchorite ; who, according to the book of *Leacan*, fol. 302, was a king, that having abdicated his crown, devoted himself to God in solitude, and passed the residue of his days in a turret, seventeen cubits high, at the foot of the Alps. O'FLAHERTY'S *OGYG.* VOL. II. p. 351.

³ Clañə lʲɪ, *Children of Lir*. The Legend of the children of Lir has been since time immemorial in high repute, as one of the "Three tragic stories of the Irish," or the "Three Sorrows of Story-telling." Their names were ʔoɔ, ʲɪonʒuala, ʲjaɔɾaɔ, and

The Fenians' high sway,
 And the proud palmy day,
 When Rome fled affrighted from Daithi—
 Lir's offspring of wo—
 All forgotten I trow,
 If sung not in numbers of *Shane Bui*!

The discord that brought Beney Briot to our shore—
 The deeds of great Luigh the Long-handed,

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

An éairmeille tuḡ béine o b'neatain an raorélaic
 The contention brought *Beine* from Britain the hero
 Do bairdeas o érénead d laim-ghírh
 Surnamed from might of his hand deeds

Coñ. It appears that at the birth of the two latter, who were twins, their mother *Ab* died; and their father *Lir* was persuaded to marry her sister *Abbe*, who, in consequence of the father's affection towards the children, became so enraged, that she brought the four children to Lough Dearg, and sent them to bathe in the water, where she touched them with a magic wand by which they were immediately transformed into swans. By this spell she bound them to spend three hundred years on Lough Dearg,—three hundred years on the Irish channel,—and three hundred years on *Jorruis Doimhnon*. On this subject we are favoured by some bard of the period with the following stanza:—

Clañ a Lir a ḡ-crotaib eun,
 Mallaíd ari an in-beul do luaó;
 Coñ, Fíachra, Fíonḡuala, 'r Ab,ó,
 Aḡ ríh díb an d-taia tmuas!

Children of Lir in shape of birds,
 Curse upon the mouth that pronounced;
 Conn, Fiachra, Fionola, and Aedh,
 There for you is the second sorrow!

This lamentable tale is now preparing for the press with notes and translation by a gentleman well qualified for the task. It will be published uniform with the works of the *Irish Archæological Society*.

⁴ *béine b'riot*. For the history of this chivalrous hero, see KEATING'S IRELAND, Vol. ii. pp. 263-4-5. Dub. 1841.

Cuiphead Feargus dub-déideac⁵ 'r a cáraio
 cum éaga,
 An tráic⁶ geallad an éiric ó'n áird Ríj:
 Do caillead Turgesius⁶ a d-Teamair na
 d-tréin-éir,
 An tan meara⁶ leir éirion zac mha⁶ díob,
 'S geallaim gan bréig dúit nac taitneam leó
 'n méid rín,
 Gan macairead éirion air seágan bñde !

Zac air leagadair laocmad a g-Cluan-tairib⁷
 na m-béimioñ,
 An airde le 'r raomad ó cáin rín;
 'S air caillead 'na déig rín do dearg⁷ na
 béic⁸,
 Do éairdior ó'n m-bréicne le mac Maol.

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Cuiphead Feargus dubdéideac ázur a cáraio cum éaga
 Sent Fergus black-toothed and his friends to perish
 An tráic⁶ geallad an éiric o an áird ríj
 When promised the reward from the high king
 Do caillead Turgesius a d-Teamair na d-tréin éir
 Was lost Turgesius in Temor of the valiant men
 An tan meara⁶ leir éirion zac mha⁶ díob
 When supposed by him ravish each maid of them
 Ázur geallaim gan bréig dúit nac taitneam leó
 And I promise without lie to you not joyful to them
 an méid rín
 all that

⁵ Feargus Dubdéideac. *Fergus Black-toothed*. For the fate of the Ferguses at the battle of Cniona, where they fell by the hand of Luíaid Láimhada, see KEATING, Vol. ii. pp. 268-69-70.

⁶ Turgesius. Turgesius, the Danish tyrant who usurped the sovereignty of Ireland, A.D. 866; and who inflicted the most excessive cruelties on the Irish people. After reducing the country to the lowest state of vassalage, by rapine, plunder, and the sword, this monster in human shape met an untimely death at the hands of Maolseachlain, king of Meath, on whose daughter he cast an

When Black-toothed Fergus lay bathed in gore—
 That *Eric* the monarch demanded !
 When heaps of his slain
 Taught Turgesius, the Dane,
 How fatal the wrath of the *Ard-Righ*—
 Go weave no sweet lay
 Of green Erin's proud day,
 Or measure your numbers to *Shane Bui* !

If heroes that perish'd at Clontarf of fame,
 To gain their lov'd country's salvation—
 Or her who left Breifny to anguish and shame,
 For Dermot the curse of his nation—

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Յան դառնեաճժ էլ յիւս Բիւ Տեաշան Բույժե.
 Without rhyming some on John Yellow.

Յաճ արեալ զաճարեալ Լաճրաճ և յԿլառտարի մեծ յա մեծիմոյ
 All that laid low heroes in Clontarf of the blows

Ան արժե Լե ար ի ճարաճ օ ճար ի ին
 The feat by which freed from tribute us

Այս ար արեալ յոնա ճիւղ ին ճո ճարճա յա Բեյժե
 And all were lost after that on account of the maiden

Ծո ճարճիւլ ճո մեծիմոյ Լե մաճ Զաճար
 Did wander from *Breifny* with son of *Maol*

evil eye at a very advanced period of his life. The particulars are related fully at pp. 99 to 108, of the second volume of Keating's Ireland. *Dub.* 1841.

⁷ The poet alludes to the celebrated battle of Clontarf, where the heroic Brian Boromhe put an end to Danish tyranny.

⁸ Ծարճիւլ, wife of Ելճարան և Բալլի, king of Breifny, who eloped with Ծարմուլ մաճ Զարճաճ, king of Leinster, while her husband was on a pilgrimage to St. Patrick's Purgatory, who, when he returned, and understood that she was taken by force of arms, determined to be revenged on the king of Leinster. This event, which is fully related at p. 196, &c. vol. ii. of Keating, first occasioned the arrival of the English in this country, and to it we are indebted for all the slavery we have endured for upwards of seven centuries.

Ellyrabēta 'r a h-ſſēaſſi zuſi ſéanadaſi,
 ʒlyſſmoſ Dē ōſl, mo ōmāð cmoſde !
 'S clan Ollyſēmaſ,⁹ do ēmeaſzaſſi āſi ſ-clēſſie,
 Mſl maſſēaſ ad ſſzéalta ſan ſeāſan byðe !

Mā'ſ oſſſſdeac dēanta ēu ōanaſ ſac aon
 t-ſult,
 Mō ſacallieacð dſſēacða zo ſāſſi-bſſi ;
 Do caſſaſſſeſſi le ſſēſſſm coſſ leaſa, nō
 aſſi ēaob cnoſc,
 Mō aſſi maðallie, aſſ tēaſſmaſſi maſi 'tāſſſſ :
 Mſl beanaðacð Dē 'ca, nā ſſeazſſiāð a ſ-ēſ-
 ſeacð,
 Mā aſſſſſ aſſi ſēaſſſaſ, an ſānaſſſe,
 ʒlōd ſſaſſſað ſa ſ-Dēſſſe nāc cſſdeacða an
 tē ſſſ,
 Mað ſſſeazſſað ſiāð ēſſſ aſſi ſeāſan byðe !

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Ellyrabeta aſſuſ a h-ſſēaſſi zuſi ſéanadaſi
 Elizabeth and her father did renounce
 ʒlyſſmoſ Dē ōſl mo ōmāð cmoſde
 Maſſ of God pure my torment heart
 ʒzuſi clan Ollyſēmaſ do ēmeaſzaſſi āſi ſ-clēſſie
 And clan Oliver's did ſlay our clergy
 Mſ byuſl maſſēaſ ad ſſzéalta ſan ſeāſan byðe.
 Not is uſe in thy tales without John Yellow.

⁹ Ollyſēmaſ. *Oliver Cromwell*. We need not refer to the pages of history for the cruelties of this sanguinary fanatic, as our Churches, our Abbeys and Monasteries, sufficiently shew the marks of his sacrilegious hands. The eastern window of the Cathedral of St. Canice, Kilkenny, contained the history of Christ from his birth to his Ascension, in emblems of beautifully stained glass, for which Rinuccini, the Pope's Nuncio, when he attended the meeting of the confederate Catholics, offered £700 ; but neither the plenitude of the power with which he was invested, nor the distresses of the times, could prevail on the prelate, David Roth, or the Chapter, to comply with his wishes : this beautiful specimen of ancient art remained standing until shattered by the usurper and his vile soldiery. LEDWICH'S ANTIQUITIES, p. 388.

If Henry the king,
 Or Eliza you sing—
 Who levell'd our altars, *ma chrá cree!*
 Or Cromwell, whose horde
 Gave our priests to the sword—
 You'll tune them to numbers of *Shane Bui!*

Do strains from your harp through the heaving heart thrill?
 Or are you a pastoral chimer?—
 When clodpoles approach you by valley or hill,
 When wand'ring as wanders your rhymer—
 Untaught ev'n to say
 Heav'n prosper your way—
 Or, may Charles our monarch again be!
 They'll aver by their God,
 You're the soul of a clod,
 If you sing not the measure of *Shane Bui!*

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Ḃḁar oḡḡḡḡḡḡḡḡ ḡḡḡḡḡḡ ḡḡ ḡḡḡḡ ḡḡḡ ḡḡḡ ḡḡḡḡ
 If melodious made you to chaunt each one pleasure

Ḃo ḡḡḡḡḡḡḡḡ ḡḡḡḡḡḡ ḡḡ ḡḡḡḡḡḡ
 Or low rhyming verses so sweetly

Ḃo ḡḡḡḡḡḡḡḡ le ḡḡḡḡḡḡ ḡḡḡ ḡḡḡḡ ḡḡ ḡḡḡ ḡḡḡḡ ḡḡḡḡ
 To meet with Phelim foot rath or on side hill

Ḃo ḡḡḡ ḡḡḡḡḡḡ ḡḡ ḡḡḡḡḡḡ ḡḡḡ ḡḡḡḡḡḡ
 Or on a plain sojourning as we are

Ḃḡ ḡḡḡḡ ḡḡḡḡḡḡ Ḃḡ ḡḡ ḡḡ ḡḡḡḡḡḡ ḡ ḡḡḡḡḡḡ
 Not is blessing of God have they or reply in effect

Ḃḡ ḡḡḡḡḡ ḡḡḡ ḡḡḡḡḡḡ ḡḡ ḡḡḡḡḡḡ
 Or mention of Charles the wanderer (exile)

Ḃḡ ḡḡḡḡḡ ḡḡ ḡḡḡḡḡ ḡḡ ḡḡḡḡḡḡḡ ḡḡ ḡḡ ḡḡḡ
 But swearing the deities not companion is him

Ḃḡ ḡḡḡḡḡḡḡḡ ḡḡḡ ḡḡḡḡ ḡḡḡ ḡḡḡḡḡ ḡḡḡḡḡ.
 Not prompt something on John Yellow.

'bē M-ĒJRJMM Ī.

William Dall, mō cān.

ƿoñ—" ʒibē n-Ējjuñ Ī."

ʒ n-ʒleann-taib ƿéin na h-éjgre bjm,
ʒ bƿann-tair ƿéin, a n-ʒéib' ʒac laoi;
ʒ n-treanʒ-bean ʒlé, ba bēarač ʒnaoi,
Do ƿʒanniač mē, 'bē n-Ējjuñ Ī!
'bē n-Ējjuñ Ī! 'bē n-Ējjuñ Ī!

Mj čpáčda mē aji čēle Maoiƿ,
Tuʒá n-ʒaoiðeal aji d-téačd don čpaoib,
'Má'n báb ó'n n-ʒpéjʒ do čear an Tmaoi,
le ʒmáč mo čléib, 'bē n-Ējjuñ Ī!
'bē n-Ējjuñ Ī! ƿc.

'S bpeáʒa, deaƿ, dƿéinmeač, pējʒ, a dlaoi,
ʒo báji an ƿéin na ƿlaod' aji bʒʒ;¹
ʒ tláč-ƿolt pējʒ, do dēalmač an ƿljoƿ,
ʒji ʒmáč mo čléib, 'bē n-Ējjuñ Ī!
'bē n-Ējjuñ Ī! ƿc.

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

ʒ nʒleann-taib ƿéin na h-éjgre bjm
In valleys mild of the bards I be
ʒ bƿann-tair ƿéin a nʒéibjoñ ʒac laoi
In a swoon painful in fetters each day
ʒ n-treanʒ-bean ʒlé ba bēarač ʒnaoi
The slender maid pure so discreet visage
Do ƿʒanniač mē ʒibē n-Ējjuñ Ī.
Did alarm me whoe'er in Erin is she.
Mj čpáčda mē aji čēle Maoiƿ
Not mention I the spouse of *Naisi*

¹ bʒʒ, *rain, dew*. I have had two versions of this song before me, in which I find the word bʒʒ (which I do not understand) substituted for that which I introduce as the original. The poet, when speaking of the beauty and excellence of her hair, evidently means that it swept the dew off the grass.

'bÉ N-EJRIJNN Í.

IN Druid vale alone I lay,
 Oppress'd with care, to weep the day—
 My death I owed one sylph-like she,
 Of witchery rare, 'bÉ n-EJRIJÑ Í!
 'bÉ n-EJRIJÑ Í!

The spouse of Naisi, Erin's wo—
 The dame that laid proud Ilium low—
 Their charms would fade, their fame would flee,
 Match'd with my fair, 'bÉ n-EJRIJÑ Í!
 'bÉ n-EJRIJÑ Í!

Behold her tresses unconfin'd,
 In wanton ringlets woo the wind,
 Or sweep the sparkling dew-drops free,
 My heart's dear maid, 'bÉ n-EJRIJÑ Í!
 'bÉ n-EJRIJÑ Í!

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Ţuḡ ar na nŢaoḏal aḡi ḏteaḏḏ ḏon Ćmaoḡḃ
 Brought destruction the Gael on coming to the Branch

ḡona an ḃab ḏn nŢréḡḡ ḏo ḏéar an Ţmaoḡ
 Or the babe from Greece did torment the Troy

Le ḡraḏ mo ḏléḡḃ ḡḡbÉ n-ÉJRIJÑ Í.
 With love of my bosom whoever in Erin is she.

Ar breaḡa deaḡ ḏréḡḡḡeaḏ ḡéḡḡ a ḏlaoḡ
 Beautiful neat plaited free her locks

Ţo baḡi an řéḡḡ na řlaḏa aḡi ḃḡḡ
 To top the grass in ringlets on dew

A ḏlaḏ řolt ḡéḡḡ ḏo ḏeaḡraḏ an řḡoḡ
 Her tender locks free that excelled the fleece

Aḡi ḡraḏ mo ḏléḡḃ ḡḡbÉ n-EJRIJÑ Í.
 On love of my bosom whoever in Erin is she.

'S cáirínar, taodac, deumac, b'jōim !
 ʒo cráíðte, créimeac, ceurda o innaoi !
 Fághac, faon, ʒan céill ari baor !
 le ʒráð don b'eir, 'bē n-Éiriuī j !
 'bē n-Éiriuī j ! 7c.

ʒiri neōin nuairi c'éiríim ari c'aob r'v'ʒe Fíj,²
 fa b'jōn a ʒcēin 'r ʒan aon dam b'v'jōn !
 Cia f'eól'f'ad aon ʒ'ac Dé am l'ion
 ʒ'c'd r'tōir mo c'léib, 'bē n-Éiriuī j !
 'bē n-Éiriuī j ! 7c.

~~~~~  
 UILLI-ʒUJČ ʒM ʒOJBMS.

Ulliam Dall, mō c'an.

Foñ—"Mallaiʒe beaz O !"

ʒiri b'ruac na Coille-mōir,<sup>3</sup> faoi c'ruac-b'rua-  
 tajb b'jōin !  
 Do f'eólad ʒ'v'č am c'luarad, ba f'uarice l'ion  
 fá dō,

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

ʒr cáirínar taodac deumac b'jōim  
 'Tis mournful fierce tearful I do be  
 ʒo cráíðte créimeac ceurda o innaoi  
 Painful wounded tortured from woman  
 Fághac faon ʒan céill ari baor  
 Wanderer feeble without sense afflicted  
 le ʒráð do an b'eir ʒibé n-Éiriuī j.  
 With love to the maid whoever in Erin is she.  
 ʒiri neōin nuairi c'éiríim ari c'aob r'v'ʒe Fíj  
 At noon when I go on side seat *Fionn's*

<sup>2</sup> S'v'ʒe Fíj. *The resting place, or watch-tower of Fionn, who being a man of the chase, selected those hills which appeared to him best calculated to afford a fair prospect of the surrounding country. Hence, the numerous hills known by that name throughout Ireland, particularly in Munster.*

<sup>3</sup> Cōill nōir, *a great wood, evidently refers to the wood of*

Fierce passions' slave, from hope exil'd,  
 Weak, wounded, weary, woful, wild—  
 Some magic spell she wove for me,  
 That peerless maid, 'be n-Éllyū í!  
 'be n-Éllyū í!

But O! one noon I clomb a hill,  
 To sigh alone—to weep my fill,  
 And there Heaven's mercy brought to me  
 My treasure rare, 'bē n-Éllyū í!  
 'be n-Éllyū í!



### THE VOICE OF JOY.

*Air—"Molly beag O!"*

By Kilmore's woody highland,  
 Wand'ring dark and drear,  
 A voice of joy came o'er me,  
 More holy to mine ear,

### INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Fa bṛón a zcély azyr zāy aoy da mo bṛón  
 Under grief afar and without one of my tribe  
 Cīa fēōlfad aoy ōac ōē am lōy  
 Who would steer only Son of God in my net (way)  
 Ōcō rēōr mo ēlēb zībē n-Éllyū í.  
 But treasure my bosom whoever in Erin is she.

Ōm bṛuac na Coillemhōire faoi ēruad brataib bṛón  
 On bounds the of wood great under hard veils of sorrow  
 Ōo fēōlad zyrt am ēluarad ba fuaire lōm fa do  
 Did steer voice in my ears more delightful with me twice

Aherlow, which extends from Galbally to Bansha. It is not more than two miles from Shronehill to the South, and fronting the Galtee-more, and the magnificent chain of mountains from Mitchelstown to Clogheen, presents a scene most beautiful and picturesque. It was in the seclusion of this immense wood that the

Má ceól na cnuite a ruaimh,  
 'S ná glóir na lon ra n-uaisgnear;  
 Do b'é ceól ba b'ñe ari cuairid liom, dá g-cu-  
 alaó don t-róit.

'Má'n ceól do tugaíod ruaiḡ-ḡir, t'ar mór-mhíu  
 ó'n Róim,  
 'Má'n r'róit do déinid ḡruaḡaicc, a ḡcuairid-  
 liy ari r'luaḡ.  
 'Má'n ḡeóin do léigíod Cuacáó,  
 ḡo nuad cōir Coille a mbnuac cnoic;  
 'S ḡac b'íod ḡur c'íu mo cuairid díom, muna  
 mbead Mallaḡe beaḡ O!

Saḡe beac do luaḡaḡ l'ñ, ari t'uaíurḡ a  
 dt'ieóin,  
 Uí f'óḡmair do bead ḡo buadair'ca, 'r ḡan ru-  
 aílcear aḡe Seóin?<sup>4</sup>

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INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Na ceól na cnuite a ruaimh  
 Than music of the harp so tuneful

Uḡur ná glóir na lon ra nuaisgnear  
 And the lays of the blackbirds in the wilderness

Do ba e ceól ba b'ñe ari cuairid liom dá gcualaó  
 'Twas the music most melodious on visit with me that I heard  
 don t-róit.  
 of the sort.

---

learned Doctor Keating wrote his History of Ireland more than two centuries back; and no doubt, our poet sought refuge in its silent shade when composing the present song, in which he foretels that the career of the tyrant Damer would not long survive; and neither did it: for in a few short years after, the tyrant died, leaving the immense wealth which he accumulated by fraud and usury, to scatter and waste away like chaff thrown before the four winds; or to use an Irish phrase, “*Uair léaḡaíḡ ó'ḡbair na h-aban*,” literally, “*as the melting of the froth of the river*.”

<sup>4</sup> John Damer, Esq. the celebrated usurer.



Than wild harp's breathings dreamy,  
 Or blackbird's warbling streamy ;  
 No seraph choir could frame me,  
 Such soft music dear !

More sweet than anthems holy,  
 Brought seaward from Rome,  
 Than spells by wizards spoken  
 O'er stolen maidens' doom,  
 Or cuckoo's song inspiring,  
 Where woods green hills environ—  
 Save love for one fair siren,  
 It banish'd my gloom.

The golden bees were ranging  
 The air for a chief,—  
 'Twas freedom's trumpet woken,  
 And dark tyrants' grief.

## INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Na an ceól do tuzaid ruafzēir ean mōr-mūir ōn Rōm  
 Or the music brought by sages over lofty ocean from Rome  
 Na an rōrit do dēirib zruafzacc a zcruafid lir air fluaž  
 Or the sport made by wizards in firm raths on hosts

Na an zēōir do lēizib cuacab  
 Or the shout that fall from cuckoos

Zo ruab cōir coille a mbuac choic  
 Early by a wood on border of hill

Azur zac bōn zur ēvri mo cuairid diom muia mbeab  
 And each sorrow did put my visit of me were it not for

Mallaize beaz O  
 Molly little O

Saice beac do luadaž lē air cuairirz a dceōir  
 Swarm of bees approached us in search of their chief

An fōžmar do beab zo buadarēa azur zan ruaircear  
 The harvest will be calamitous and without joy

aize Seōn  
 to John

Seóirre éar lear dá muagad,  
 'S an cóir do bhoí go buacac;  
 Gan óir ná bailte air buan dóib, 'r ní truağ  
 liom a mbóin.

A Spóhail dá mbeirín rínte faoi émuag-  
 leac a gcóimead,  
 'S an rgeal ro élor mar éualad, go ruanmair  
 air reól;  
 le cóirra 'r neart mo guaille,  
 An fód go scaitfin ruar díom;  
 'S me teacó éar m'air go luaimneac faoi  
 éuairin an rgeól.

~~~~~

UILLIAM DALL AGUS AN TÁILHÍR¹
 fonn—"buacail ná m-bó ra gímlet."

An Táilhíir.

'S dyne me ríubalad a lán,
 faoi émorab atáim ó muagad me;

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Seóirre éar lear dá muagad
 George afar expelled
 Agus an cóir do bhoí go buacac
 And the tribe who were exalted

Gan óir ná bailte air buan dóib agus ní truağ
 Without gold or townlands lasting to them and not pitied
 liom a mbóin.
 with me their sorrow.

A Spóhail dá mbeirín rínte faoi émrad leac a gcóimead
 In Shronehill if I were stretched under a hard flag at rest
 Agus an rgeal ro élor mar éualad go ruanmair air reól
 And the tale this to hear as heard so pleasantly afloat.

¹ The hero of this humoursome little melody is a David Cleary, an eccentric knight of the Thimble, who wasted his earnings among the fair sex till far advanced in life, when finding his expectations fail, introduced himself to Uilliam Dall, who composed the song extempore.

And George, a homeless ranger,—
His tribe, the faithless stranger,
Far banish'd—and their danger,
My glad heart's relief!

If o'er me lay at Shronehill*
The hard flag of doom,
And came that sound of sweetness
To cheer the cold gloom—
Death's darksome bondage broken,
My dull, deaf ear had woken,
And at the spell-word spoken,
I'd burst from the tomb!

~~~~~  
THE BARD AND THE TAILOR.<sup>1</sup>

*Air*—"Buachail na mbo gus a yimlet."

THE TAILOR.

I've rambled full many a mile,  
And misery ever pursuing me,

~~~~~  
INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Le fòir a aḡur neart mo ḡuaille
By force and strength of my shoulders

Aḡ fòd go ḡcaireib ruar dìom
The sod I would toss up of me

Aḡur me teacò ear mo aḡr go luaimneac faoi tḡaimm
And I coming back so swiftly in expectation

aḡ rḡeòil.
of the tale.

Aḡ duine me rḡubalað a lan
A person I am travelled afar

Faoi cḡoraib aḡaim o ruḡað me
Under crosses I am from birth me

* Shronehill, a parish three miles west of Tipperary and the place of William Dall's nativity; in this district stood Damer's Court, erected by John Damer, Esq. more than a century ago. This magnificent mansion was taken down in 1776. The property now belongs to the Earl of Portarlington.

¹ The introduction of the tailor and his amorous woes on this occasion, seems to have been done to furnish a vehicle for the display

Sjor leigjon mo cūmajn le mnāib,
 Żur żojneadaŋ bāiŋe 'r řiće ořm !

William Dall.

Cā'ŋ b'jonžnad duiŋe de'd cāŋl,
 Do čyřm a lāŋ na h-ajndeŋe ;
 Tŋē mējo do žliogajŋ le mnāib,
 'S Solam² mējc Dāibj žur mealladaŋ !
 Tapiŋaŋž žo caojn an řgeōl,
 u čapiad bjō ž-clōd na řeanačad ;
 'S řeāŋŋ maŋ žnjom 'nā 'n t-ōl,
 Seāčajŋ žo deō na žalajŋ řin ?

Řeuc-řa ! Samřon³ ba žmojōe,
 Do leažad řan m-břvžin na řiliřčiny ;
 le mējo a čajčnjin do innaoi,
 Żur b'ajndiř an t-řliže 'naŋ imčij řē !
 Tapiŋaŋž žo caojn an řgeōl, řc.

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Sjor leigjon mo cūmajn le mnāib
 Oft revealing my affection to women
 Żur żojneadaŋ bāiŋe a Żur řićeōd ořm
 Till they won a goal and twenty on me
 Ca an ba jonžnad duiŋe de ad cāŋl
 What wonder a man of thy fame
 Do čyřm a lāŋ na hajndeŋe
 To fall in the depth of misery

of the poet's learning. This was a vanity quite common at that period with men of the highest literary attainments ; and it is no matter of surprise that our blind wanderer would follow their example. In this rapid sketch of female perversity, he displays a considerable knowledge of heathen mythology, and sacred and profane history. To prove that Heffernan was a greatly gifted man, we have only to refer the reader to the songs preceding this poem, particularly to "bē n-Ēlŋij i," and the "Voice of Joy," which contain passages of exquisite sweetness and beauty.

² See the First Book of Kings.

³ Book of Judges, chapter xvi.

Yet still my chief curse was the guile
Of woman, in treachery wooing me!

WILLIAM DALL.

What matters to tailoring youth,
A shot from their wily battery,
And Solomon wisest, in sooth,
Beguiled by sly, female flattery.

CHORUS.*

When writing a stanza divine,
Have wisdom and learning inspiring you—
And shun the false fiend of red wine,
Lest misery ever environ you!

See Samson, the strong man of old,
Who slaughter'd the Philistine foeman,
How sad is his fate to unfold,
He died by the wiles of a woman!
When writing a stanza divine, &c.

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Եւ մէջ ծօ չլօջար ի միայն
Through all thy flattery with women
Այս Սօլաւ մեյ Օսի՛ շար մեռլաճար
And Solomon son of David that they deceived
Եարարոյ յօ շօրն աղբիւր
Draw smoothly the tale
Ա շարձ ինչ շօրն աղբիւր
Friend be in appearance of the sages
Արբարար մար յորն յօնա աղբիւր
Tis better as deed than the drinking
Տաճար յօ ծօն աղբիւր
Forsake for ever the evils these
Բաճար Տարօն աղբիւր
Behold Samson the mighty
Օ լաճար ինչ միայն յօնա աղբիւր
That fell in the fight the Philistines
Եւ մէջ ա շարձ յօնա աղբիւր
By excess his admiration to woman
Շար աղբիւր աղբիւր յօնա աղբիւր
That miserable the way did depart he.

* This chorus has no immediate connexion with the poem, and it seems to be the burden of some ancient song which has been lost. However it deserves to be retained here, if it were only to show how our moralists of old could anticipate the teaching of Father Mathew!

Feuc-ra ! hepculey ljoimča,
 3in leanh ba žmojde a3 Jupiter ;
 Tre mējd a čumajñ le mhaoi,
 3o mnead rjad rprjor ran tejne de !
 Tarman3 3o caojn an r3eol, 7c.

Mār lē3jy aji čačaji na Tpaoi,
 bī a3 ajcme na 3cpaojpeač 3cumapač,
 Tre hēlen 3peanaiñar, 3jññ,
 3ur časllead na mjlte 'r tyllead aca !
 Tarman3 3o caojn an r3eol, 7c.

Feuc-ra ! an leanh, mac Tētjy,
 3iciller, 3pēazač, jomajcač,
 Tre mējd a čumajñ le bējt,
 3ur jmčjd aji čaob na tjubajrde !
 Tarman3 3o caojn an r3eol, 7c.

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Feucra hepculey ljoimča
 Behold Hercules polished
 An leanh ba žmojde a3 Jupiter
 The child most mighty had Jupiter
 Tre mējd a čumajñ le mhaoi
 Through excess his affection to woman
 3o mnead rjad rprjor ran tejne de.
 Did make they embers in the fire of him.
 Mār lē3jy aji čačaji na Tpaoi
 Have you not read of the city of Troy
 bī a3 ajcme na 3cpaojpeač 3cumapač
 Had the tribe the spears powerful
 Tre hēlen 3peanaiñar 3jññ
 Through Helen loving pleasant (elegant)
 3ur časllead na mjlte a3ur tyllead aca.
 That perished the thousands and more of them.
 Feucra an leanh mac Tētjy
 Behold the child son of Thetis
 3iciller 3pēazač jomajcač
 Achilles Grecian arrogant

See Hercules,⁴ Jupiter's son,
 His fall every reader remembers—
 Dejanira soon left him undone,
 When roasting his carcass to embers!
 When writing a stanza divine, &c.

You've listen'd to stories of Troy,
 Its heroes and proud pavilions once,
 How Helen,⁵ the giver of joy,
 Gave death to its mighty millions once.
 When writing a stanza divine, &c.

You've heard of great Achilles' fame,
 As you have abroad been travelling,
 And how fair Polyxena⁶ came
 And guided young Paris' javelin.
 When writing a stanza divine, &c.

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Τῆρ ἠέϊδ αὖ ἑμῶν le βέϊτ
 Through excess his affection with maid

Ἰὼν ἦν αἰὶν ἐπὶ τῇ τῆς ἡμέρας
 Did go on side the misfortune

⁴ When Dejanira found that Hercules had forsaken her for the love of another, she sent him the fatal shirt which, the Centaur Nessus had assured her, possessed the power of restoring his former love. The poison of the Hydra of Lerna, with which this garment was impregnated, soon pierced the marrow of his bones. In his torture, the hero raised his own funeral pile, and burned himself upon mount Oeta in Thessaly.

⁵ Helena, the daughter of Jupiter and Leda, the most beautiful woman of her time, eloped from her husband, Menelaus, king of Sparta, with Paris the son of the king of Troy. This act of female frailty occasioned a ten years' war which ended in the destruction of that most famous city. It however produced the Iliad of Homer.

⁶ Polyxena was the daughter of king Priam. Achilles, the scourge of Troy, and the slayer of Hector, became enamoured of her beauty, and claimed her in marriage. During the ceremony in the temple of Apollo, he was treacherously slain by Paris. Polyxena was afterwards sacrificed on the tomb of the hero.

Feuc-ra! Aicteon gmoide,
 O'mtjg faoi'n g-cōll 'na beaḡapoc;
 Tpe cleapab Ōiana, na raigead,
 Sur fmac riad a gadaifi na greamaḡ ē!
 Tapraing go caoin an rgeōl, 7c.

Feuc-ra! clañ Uisneac, nāfi rtrjoc,
 A dmtjg le mnaoi go h-Albain;
 Tpe ēigion cleapab an Rjg,
 Sur caillead le dmaoigead a n-Eamajḡ iad!
 Tapraing go caoin an rgeōl, 7c.

Connaoi neaptrmari meic Dārie,
 A n-dyčce Uj Deāga, ba calma;
 Pḡfi njoir cynead iona lāfi,
 Sur čuag rē blātḡaio o Albain!
 Tapraing go caoin an rgeōl, 7c.

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Feucra Aicteon gmoide
 Behold Acteon valiant

Oo imtjg faoi an gcoill na beaḡapoc
 That went under (to) the wood as a stag (horned buck)

Tpe cleapab Ōiana na raigead
 Through intrigues of Diana of the arrows

Sur fmac riad a gadaifi iona greamaḡ ē
 Did tear they his dogs into bits him

Feucra clañ Uisneac nāfi rtrjoc
 Behold children of Uisneach not surrendered

A dmtjg le mnaoi go h-Albain
 That went with woman to Alba

Tpe ēigion cleapab an Rjg
 Through wise intrigues of the king

Sur caillead le dmaoigead a n-Eamajḡ iad.
 Did perish by witchcraft in Emania them.

Connaoi neaptrmari meic Dārie
 Conroy powerful son of Dairy

A ndyčce Uj Deāga ba calmaḡ
 In the country of O Deagha so valiant

How Actæon⁷ died a wild deer,
 When Dian with antlers adorned him;
 Some whisper 'twas meant for your ear,
 To prove 'twas in wedlock she horn'd him!
 When writing a stanza divine, &c.

You've oft heard a Senachui sing
 Of Deirdre⁸ the sorrowful story—
 How for her great Connor, the king,
 Left Ullad's three champions gory.
 When writing a stanza divine, &c.

See Conroy,⁹ the chief of his clan,
 The highway of glory pursuing,
 Never met with his match in a man,
 Till Blanit consigned him to ruin!
 When writing a stanza divine, &c.

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Đáirí nđor cúlíead íona lár
 Treachery not sent in his middle (heart)
 Đur éuz ré blađhađb o Albadh.
 Till brought he Blahnaid from Alba.

⁷ Actæon, the son of Aristæus, turned into a stag, and devoured by his own dogs, for accidentally seeing Diana naked, as she bathed in a fountain.

⁸ Deirdre was a beautiful young lady, who was, from the period of her birth, kept confined by Connor, king of Ulster, in a fortified tower, because a Druid foretold that she would cause great disturbances in the kingdom. When Deirdre had arrived at womanhood, Naois, a young gentleman of Connor's court, and one of the sons of Uisneagh, aided by his two brothers, found means to bear off the beautiful captive to Scotland. The king of that country received the fugitives with great honour, till smitten by the fatal charms of the lady, he formed a plan to take away the life of her lover. The sons of Uisneach were forced to flee, and Connor learning their distress, by promises of pardon allured them over to Ireland, where the three brothers were treacherously murdered by his order. For this act of perfidy, Connor, abandoned by his own nobles, saw Ulster ravaged from shore to shore, and bathed with the blood of its bravest warriors.

⁹ For the story of Conroy, or Cúuđh mac Đáííe, see page 35 of this work, or Keating's Ireland, vol. i. page 405, Haliday's translation.

Feuc-ra ! Taile meic Tneom,
 Tuz turar gan gó go banba ;
 Tre Niam, na n-dlaoiḡ-folt car n-óir,
 Sur caillead ran n-gleo le h-Orgar e !
 Tarrainḡ go caoin an rḡeól, 7c.

Feuc-ra ! Fion mac Cúmhail,
 Ceap coranta 'r clú na banba ;
 An t'eud n-uair bhoirdaḡ a púir,
 Sur maib an fear Cúil do b'feairia aḡe !
 Tarrainḡ go caoin an rḡeól, 7c.

Gid' léidneac fearaib na n-ḡaoirdéal,
 Tmucaḡ na Mide n-óir ḡlanadair ;
 Turḡeirur b'ḡ aca 'na Ríḡ,
 Sur caillead le h-inḡion M-aosireacḡlenn ?
 Tarrainḡ go caoin an rḡeól, 7c.

 INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Feuc-ra Taile meic Tneom
 Behold Taile son of the mighty

Tuz turar gan gó go banba
 Gave journey without doubt to Banba

Tre Niam na n-dlaoiḡ folt car n-óir
 Through Niamh of the hair locks twisted golden
 Sur caillead ran n-gleo le h-Orgar e.
 That slain in the fight with Osgar him.

Feuc-ra Fion Mac Cúmhail
 Behold Fion Mac Cumhail

Ceap coranta aḡur clú na banba
 Bulwark protective and fame of Banba

An teud n-uair bhoirdaḡ a púir
 The jealousy when hastened his wrath

Sur maib an fear Cúil do ba feairia aḡe
 Did slay the man behind that best he had

Gid' léidneac fearaib na n-ḡaoirdéal
 Tho' victorious men of the Gael

Tmucaḡ na Mide n-óir ḡlanadair
 Territory of Meath not cleared they

See the powerful Talc-mac-Treon¹⁰
 Allur'd by Nea-Nua's tresses,
 Beneath Oscar's battle-axe prone,
 Died cursing sly Cupid's gesses !
 When writing a stanza divine, &c.

There's Fionn Mac-Cool¹¹ the boast
 Of Erin's ancient chivalry,
 Destroy'd the best man of his host
 Through jealousy, green-ey'd devilry !
 When writing a stanza divine, &c.

There are the warriors of Meath
 Submitting to rapine and slaughter,
 Till Turgesius¹² met with his death,
 For love of king Malachy's daughter !
 When writing a stanza divine, &c.

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION,

Turgesius b'is aca na Rí
 Turgesius had they as a King
 Tur cailleas le híníon Maolreacáin
 Till perished by daughter of Malachy

¹⁰ The story of Talc-mac-Treon is already told at page 44 of this work.

¹¹ Fion-mac-Cumhail, the general of the Irish soldiery in the reign of Cormac, monarch of Ireland, to whose daughter, the princess Graine, he was married. Graine forsook her husband Fion for love of Diarmid O Duibhne, whom the injured Fion afterwards slew.

¹² The people of Ireland suffered the most galling oppression about the middle of the ninth century, from Turgesius the Norwegian. After many bloody engagements, the Irish in despair resigned the struggle, and yielded to the swarms of fierce barbarians. At length, Malachy, the king of Meath, fired with the insulting proposal sent by Turgesius, demanding the princess of Meath as his mistress, contrived to introduce by stratagem fifteen beardless youths disguised as females into the castle of the tyrant. This gallant band, having slain the chief officers, opened the gates to Malachy, who, with a chosen body of men, put the garrison to the sword. Animated by this event, the Irish rose upon their enslavers, and cut them off in every part of the kingdom. After this great deliverance, Turgesius, who was reserved for the hand of the executioner, was publicly drowned in Lough Annin.

le Múrcad n-uair léigeadar Mór, *
 Sgeul tuimhneac bórdh do Banba ;
 Cluiche tré'ir cnuicad an c'órdh,
 Uir dhne de póir na breatainne !
 Tarraing go caoin an rgeól, &c.

Sin mar do cnuicadar Taoiseil,
 U dhne gan céill na tarraing ;
 Uir tuimhne do mórth óir kéin,
 O mealladar béite t-acairad !
 Tarraing go caoin an rgeól,
 U cairad bíd g-clód na reanacac ;
 'S kéair mar g'hoim 'há 'h t-ól,
 Seacair go deó na galair rin ?†

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

le Múrcad uair léigeadar Mór
 With Murrough when they allowed Moir
 Sgeul tuimhneac bórdh do Banba
 Story woful mournful to Banba

* This line runs thus in every version which I have yet seen—
 “O Múirir uair éigeadar Mór,” which must be entirely
 wrong, as the English could never sway the sceptre of Ireland had
 it not been for Dearbóirí, whom the poet calls Mór, wife
 of Tighearnán ua Ruairc, king of Brefsny, who eloped with
 Diarmuid mac Múrcad, king of Leinster. Or perhaps the
 allusion is made to the English general Maurice Fitzgerald, who,
 with Robert Fitzstephen, rendered important service to the cause of
 Mac Murrough, who offered his daughter in marriage to either of
 them as a reward for their zeal and faithful services ; but they had
 too much honour to accept of the lady, because she had been for-
 merly contracted to the Earl of Strangwell, when Diarmuid solicited
 his assistance from the crown of England. But the lady's name
 appears to be Moir, and not Mór.

† Our Irish poets always had a fancy for giving a chorus, which
 is called in Irish “Cuir fá,” to their humorous songs, and our
 blind bard swayed the palm in this respect. When any of these
 songs were sung at the hearth of the cottier of a cold winter evening,
 as was usually the case, the assembled multitude joined in the chorus,
 a custom prevalent this day throughout Munster. I have in my
 possession a large collection of Songs of this class.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"We have already noticed the collection of Jacobite relics and other songs in course of publication in penny numbers by Mr. Daly of Kilkenny. It has arrived at the fifth number without any diminution of interest. Each song is accompanied by an interlinear translation, and a metrical version by Mr. Edward Walsh, the writer of some popular poetry in this Journal. We notice it, at present, to extract a favorite relic of great beauty from the last number.

* * * * *

Nothing can be better calculated to promote the *reading* of the Irish Language among the people, than a publication, so popular in price and spirit; and we trust the Catholic Clergy, and the Teetotal Societies will put it in their way."—*Nation*.

"We think the public are deeply indebted to Mr. Daly, for the production of this National Work: independently of its value as an addition to our national literature, its influence in a political point of view will be very great, perhaps incalculable. He was a profound Statesman who said, 'Give me the making of a Nation's Songs, and I care not who makes her laws.'"—*Kilkenny Journal*.

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"If we were to judge from the excellent arrangement and the beautiful form in which this work before us is brought out, highly creditable to the taste and enterprise of the writer and publisher, we shall say that the matter is worthy of the manner, and the manner of the matter—a rich substance clothed in rich garments; every Irishman should subscribe to the work, it is exceedingly cheap."—*Kerry Examiner*.

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"We sincerely wish every success to Mr. DALY's creditable effort to sustain the growing spirit of Nationality, by giving us a collection of Songs in our vernacular tongue, which 'is not dead but speaketh,' notwithstanding the efforts of foreign tyranny to extinguish it altogether. The Songs are, on the whole, excellent, and afford

...for, due to the facility with which the Irish Language can be brought into poetical or musical composition. The translations are good ; and the historical expositions and illustrative notes, at once entertaining and instructive."—*Chronicle and Munster Advertiser*.

"We have so often expressed our approbation of the manner in which all parties, concerned in getting out the admirable Irish Songs collected by Mr. Daly, perform their respective duties, that we need now scarcely repeat it. In justice to Mr. Walsh, the poetical translator, however, we feel bound to say that, in the last number we have received, he affords one more convincing proof of a genius equal, if not superior to his original, and this is no mean praise. The Song commenced in the previous number, under the title of 'Captivity of the Gael'—though for brevity's sake, and for different reasons, we may call it *Shane Bui*—is continued in the present, and Mr. Walsh's version fully realises the highest anticipations we could form from the happiest and most vigorous of his foregoing efforts."—*Wexford Independent*.

"We understand Mr. Daly purposes editing his songs for the future in monthly, instead of weekly parts, as he finds they do not pay the outlay upon their publication in the latter form. We cordially invite public support to his patriotic undertaking. The English versions of the Songs, by Mr. Edward Walsh, are highly creditable to his abilities as a poet. We think them much better than those furnished by Furlong and others for Hardiman's 'Irish Minstrelsy.'"—*Belfast Vindicator*.

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"We have received a number of "Reliques of Irish Jacobite Poetry." We would wish to have those reliques preserved, but with a spirit and sentiment less reprehensible, and not so likely to foster a bad feeling amongst an irritable people, as we Irishmen are. The 'Sketches' could do all that can be required by the most ardent of Erin's sons, and yet advocate a spirit of peace and reconciliation to the rising generation of both countries. One good, however, will be effected by their publication ; and we say good, for we would wish to have it preserved, namely, the desire of learning the Irish language. Is it by their publication that Mr. Smith O'Brien has been induced to study, at this advanced hour of his day-life, the Irish language? We shall be glad to receive the remaining numbers."—*Clare Journal*.

☞ Gentlemen requiring rare Works on Ireland, or having such to dispose of, will find the covers of this publication a most excellent medium for Advertising. Terms will be the same as the other periodicals.

Goodwin, Son & Nethercott, Printers, 75, Marlborough-st. Dublin.



